State Library

THE CAUCASIAN.

VOL. XI. GOLDSBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1893. NO. 48.

EDITOR'S CHAIR.

THE OPINION OF THE EDITOR ON THE ISSUES OF THE DAY.

Senator Vance, in his speech in the Senate on the Voorhees bill to repeal the Sherman law, did not hesitate to say that the panic in finances was, in his opinion, the result of a conspiracy of the European powers to increase their debts by striking down silver as money. He paid his respects to Secretary of the Treasury-Carlisle for violating the provisions of the Sherman law and flagrantly discriminating against silver in redeeming silver certificates in gold. Senator Vance said that bimetalism was one plank common to all platforms of the parties, and yet the Repealers pretended friendship by knocking silver out. Had the attitude of the President been known last fall before the election Senator Vance said he did not believe he could have carried a single State south of the Potomac river. But great is King Grover and the power of patronage!

The Philadelphia Times of the 8th under the head of "Calamity Howlers Stampeed" displays the cheek of an army mule or the brains of a brazen ass when it announces that the People have triumphed, by forcing a free silver House to retreat from the silver suicide. Hear it: "We have just harvested the most bountiful crops, the people are more generally solvent than at any time within the last quarter of a century—money is abundant for all the legitimate wants of industry and trade." All of which sounds very nice to those who the Times is paid to run. But the people the wealth producers, of the land, knows that there is not a word of truth in any such clap-trap. The Times serving its goldbug masters knows nothing of the true condition of the people, and strange to say we find little wise acres even down here claiming "that is so, the times is right."

If you can maintain a silver dollar at the ratio of 20 to 1, why not also at the ratio of 16 to 1? This change of ratio would reduce every silver dollar in existence from the value of 100 cents to 80 cents. If the government in recoining under a new ratio takes the loss upon itself, still the loss must fall upon the people; and what the people lose SOME of the people must gain. Those who gain are the prime movers in this clamor for a change of ratio. And these prime movers are the men who hold gold and securities to be paid in gold.

If silver is constantly declining in value because of something in the nature and circumstances of silver itself, even if "a dollar's worth of silver were put in a dollar" to-day, that dollar would not have a dollar's worth of silver in it to-morrow. If you say it would have a dollar's worth of silver in it to-morrow, then the value of silver has been made stationary by the government's stamp and declaration that a given quantity of silver is a dollar. And this stamp and fiat could make this declaration at the ratio of 16 to 1 as well as at any other.

The party with a "chance" promised the people free silver, at least the campaigners in the south and west did, but Bourke Cockran says that the platform don't mean FREE silver and of course the goldbug element must rule, and the little fellows who howled so hastily last Fall for the "dear party" must tamely submit. Wall street has interpreted the platform and you know the small fry politicians must keep silent. However; the honest voters in that partr are now expressing their condition very frankly and boldly.

Some of the southern congressmen turned traitors to their constituents and voted for the unconditional repeal of the Sherman law, the only law now on the statute books that prevents silver from being totally demonetized. When their constituents are overwhelmingly in favor of free and unlimited coinage of silver how can their action be reconciled? Were they bought with money or patronage, that is the question! The people in their districts should express their condemnation in no uncertain tone.

It used to be said that the horse that pulls the plow should eat the fodder. But Jernigan, Robbins & Co. realize that the man who pulls the fodder must eat the plow. And that 's hard diet.

"THE ONLY MENACE."

The Poor Old Campaign Tariff not in it Any More.

A financial condition which is the ONLY MENACE to the country's welfare and prosperity.—Grover Cleveland, June 5th, 1893. tf

DECEPTIVE PLATFORMS VS. HONEST PLATFORMS.

Some political party platforms are so worded as to need interpreting; others interpret themselves. Their plain positive declaration needs no shadow of a doubt as to their meaning even to the humblest citizen. The platform adopted by the Democrats at Chicago was one of the first class. It could be interpreted by the Southern Democrats to mean one thing, and by the Northern Democrats to mean another. But when the candidate is put on such a platform, it often helps to interpret and to show the real meaning of those who purposely hid their ideas under a mass of meaningless generalities. The nomination of Grover Cleveland to our mind clearly interpreted the platform. We so wrote and so said during the last campaign. That we were correct, recent events have clearly proven. The recent Democratic State convention of Virginia was governed by the same motive as the Chicago convention when it wrote its platform. It is also a meaningless jargon of glittering generalities. But the nomination of the candidate for Governor, like the action of the Chicago convention clearly interprets the platform. O'Ferril the nominee is a goldbug, and a monopolist, but the platform will be used by the speakers and the papers during the campaign to fool the people, and catch votes. The platform adopted by the Populist State convention at Lynchburg, is one of the latter class. It means something, and says what it means, and there can be no doubt or question about it. It interprets itself, and it makes but little difference who the man nominated on it is, that is, as far as his opinions are concerned. For when he accepts his nomination, he is pledged to party platform, and everybody knows what he is pledged too. The same was true of the platform put forward by the People's party convention in Omaha in '92. The platform was everything; for when it was adopted it was so clear and positive, that the opinions of the nominee amount to but little, for he was pledged to the platform, and everybody knew what that was. The politicians of the country, both Democratic and Republican, seeing the strength of this position, and fearing the effects of such a straight forward manly course in striking contrast to their vacillating, uncertain, dishonest, and deceptive efforts to keep up two faces before the different ends of the country, made haste to try to call attention from a discussion of issues by dealing in personal abuse, appeals to sectional and race prejudice, and to cap the climax, to the use of antiquated hen fruit.

We have an abiding faith that in the near future, the good judgment and honest purposes of the great masses of the people will make a proper selection between these two political paths that is now lying out before them.

A BAD GENERAL.

We are constantly seeing allusions in the papers of Cleveland's bad health, or rather being over worked and needing rest. Indeed it is our opinion that he is a very sick man, and it is possible that he may not live out his term of office. He has largely brought this on himself by imprudence and an over weaning ambition. When he entered the White House the second time on the 4th of last March, instead of turning over to the various departments and to his lieutenants all work of looking after details, and especially of those in the various departments, he undertook to do it all himself. And in his vanity it seems that he was not willing for the various members of his Cabinet, to select even the most subordinate officers for their various departments, without having the matter submitted to him, and the claims of various candidates put before him. The members of his Cabinet and his various lieutenants, actually sat by doing nothing. They feared to open their mouths or to even to make a suggestion, lest they should incur the displeasure of the great autocrat. This was supremely ridiculous and foolish. In this the President has shown that he was a poor general. The duty of a general is to take a comprehensive view of the situation, giving general directions, and leaving the details to his subordinates. In fact the man who plods through details becomes unfit for leadership, and such the President has shown himself to be. This is quite a surprise to his friends and the whole country, and if it were simply his first term in the White House, there would be some excuse for such ignorance of the real demands and duties of the position of the President of the great Republic.

PARTY AGAINST PATRIOTISM.

According to the Democratic platform, our present financial trouble is largely due to the Mc'Kinley tariff. On the contrary, Republican papers and speakers are telling the people that the danger of a reduction of the tariff by this Democratic administration is the real cause of the panic. In some recent inter-campaign strictures upon the conduct of the Democratic party, the great war preacher who edits the Wilmington Messenger, now touched with the spirit of prophecy, has said that the same men who trample down platforms and party laws will not regard the tariff reform movement when the pinch comes. They will howl in chorus for postponement, and will oppose any really serious and important reduction." Mr. Cleveland and numerous others say that the Sherman silver purchase law (which did no special damage in 1891 and 1892) broke out in a fresh spot and precipitated a financial condition "which alone menaces the welfare of the country" to-day. Vance has recently said that all these allegations that the present condition is brought about by the Sherman law are equally false.

Could you reduce the tariff unless you reduce the expenditures of the government? And Reed's billion-dollarism, you know, has ceased to be mentioned in Democratic circles. Would manufacturers who profit by a high tariff permit its reduction? Dr. Kingsbury thinks not. If the tariff were reduced, its reduction would affect manufacturers; but would that break merchants and close banks? Why should prospective but improbable tariff reduction scare manufacturers and other depositors and cause them to withdraw and hide and hoard their cash to the destruction of banks and themselves and the weaker men of every class? Each political party, like plunders upon a carnage field, is endeavoring to make partisan capital against the other out of the misfortunes that they have brought upon the people.

The following extracts from The Leader, a Prohibition organ published in Chicago, are well worth reading in this connection:

"The leaders and managers of both the Democratic and Republican parties care very little for the people or their demands, but they do care much for the offices and the perquisites which usually go with public office. * * * * Though they make a great show of patriotism, they are so wedded to self and party that they fail to meet the demands of the country and either do that which the people do not want, or compromise in such a way, that harm results. The Sherman act of 1890 is a good example of the way congress meets important issues. That act was a compromise and was offered by Senator Sherman for a partisan reason. It was a partisam measure by a Republican congress to save President Harrison from vetoing a free coinage bill, which veto, it was believed, would make his campaign in 1892 a disastrous one. And the Democrats of that congress were ready to pass a free coinage bill, although many of them were opposed to free silver. As partisans and not patriots they stood ready to vote for a measure, knowing that President Harrison would veto it and that this veto would help them in the next campaign. They proposed to enact a law which they knew could not receive the Presidents signature, in order to obtain an advantage over his party.

Thus both parties are on record as doing or trying to do that which neither of them wanted done. The Sherman act was not demanded by either the gold men or silver men yet it passed a Republican congress and received the signature of a Republican President.

It is quite probable that the Democrats will do all they can to save the administration from harm and to avoid a split in the party. That consideration will be foremost in the minds of Democratic congressmen, while their opponents will be equally anxious to coax or drive them into doing that which will injure them in the next campaign.

Thus party takes the place of patriotism, and the distress and misery af the people continue.

CYRUS THOMPSON.

THE REMEDY--THE ALLIANCE DEMANDS.

The control of trade through the contraction of the currency or by placing it in the hands and power of a few is the analogue of the control of the supply of commodities through the protective tariff. The principle is the same. The man who understandingly favors Cleveland's financial policy is a protectionist at heart. (tf.)

A GAME OF HIDE AND SEEK.

THE ARTFUL DODGER.

KEEP YOUR EYE ON "MATTIE." HE IS TRYING TO HIDE HIS VOTE IN THE U. S. SENATE ON THE SILVER QUESTION.

An Expert Surveyor Required to Run The Road Ransom Travels.

SCENE—Lobby of U. S. Senate.

Administration Manager. "Senator Ransom, I suppose there is no doubt of your voting for the unconditional repeal of the Sherman Law?"

Senator Ransom, grasping with his right hand the hand of the manager, his left affectionately resting on his shoulder: "Ah! I have been wanting to talk with you on that subject. Of course I am with the Administration, no doubt of that, the sentiment of the Democrats of North Carolina, however, is strong, very strong, in favor of Free Coinage. Especially is this to be observed since Vance published his two most untimely letters. You see, therefore, I may have to vote for Free Coinage, but I am doing the cause of repeal good every day. I am really working for that object."

Other Administration managers join the pair, a more secluded spot is sought, a conference is had, a conclusion is reached, the tenor and effect of which is as follows:

Ransom is to use his influence with the Silver Senators to prevent the adoption of dilatory tactics, and urge them to let a vote be taken about the fifteenth of September. When that vote is taken, Ransom is to vote for Free Coinage, go on record that day. On that vote the Wilson Bill is to be defeated in the Senate. A Conference Committee is then to be appointed. They are to take charge of the matter, diligently investigate and carefully consider the subject and in due time make a report that they cannot agree. The Senate conferees are then to recommend that the Senate recede from its position and agree to the House bill. The vote in the Senate will then be on the adoption of the report and recommendation of the Conference Committee. The report is to be adopted, Senator Ransom voting for it. This unique performance is what is called HIDING the vote. That report adopted and the Wilson Bill will become the law of the land. What small things big men will stoop to!

Oh! Senator Ransom, be a man. Come out in your true colors. Take a positive stand for once in your life, and let the people know "where you are at." tf.

CONDITION OF THE UNIVERSITY.

Report of the Committee of Inspection.

The Committee of the Board of Trustees appointed by the Governor to inspect the University, made a full and detailed report at commencement. We print a few extracts which will inform the people of the condition and management of their chief institution of learning.

The general condition of the University is one of healthy, vigorous growth. The spirit that pervades it, from the President to the manager of the baseball team is pushing, hopeful and progressive. There is a determination to make it all that a reasonable public will demand.

The quality of the instruction given is in keeping with the character and quality of the men in charge of the departments and their scholarship and ability. No one doubts this who knows the standard claimed for it by the management of the University. The standard of the work is best judged by the bright and aspiring young men of the high grade institution. These are the best measures of college class work. Such young mon desire the advantages of the best work. When it fails to come up to the standard of the best, they are the first to find its defects and to demand its improvement. Such young men are not easily deceived; and woe betide the professor who fails to reach their standard of demand. From these, and their attitude towards the professors here, largely, your committee conclude that the work is well and efficiently done.

Your committee as a body, and individvally, were very favorably impressed with the high moral and religious tone of the University, as it applies to both the faculty and the students. We were informed that the students regularly attend some of the church services of the several christian denominations having churches in Chapel Hill. The orderly decorum, the gentlemany bearing, and the quiet of the students at the chapel service and prayers were very marked, and the members of the committee were highly pleased and gratified. The young men listened attentively to the reading of the scriptures, and engaged heartily in the service of song. The morning prayers we attended impressed us as solemnly as would a family worship before the duties of the day begin. It was a company of joyous, hopeful, happy young men. Your chairman, by invitation of the young men, attended the worship of the Young Men's Christian Association, and by their request made a short talk after reading some selections from the Scriptures and prayers. He was encouraged and strengthened by the service, and went away grateful for the privilege, and with the prayer in his heart, "God bless the young men in this institution, and turn the feet of many through their influence to obedience to His statutes. And God bless the University, and multiply its power for good."

We inquired about the health of the students, and received the reply that not a member of the faculty nor of the student body was sick during our visit; that no professor had been sick during the year, and only one student had been seriously sick, and that he came in September, having cantracted sickness elsewhere. He returned to his home and died there in October. The testimony was that the village was unusually healthy.

After careful inquiry we concluded that the relations of the faculty to each other, and to the President, were most cordial and kindly. Not a jar. but peace and the kindness of friendship pervaded the entire faculty. All were working together harmoniously for the common purpose of serving together the best interests of higher education: and all were striving in generous rivalry to serve the University and the State to the very best ability of each. The faculty were unitedly following the leadership of our worthy President, and aiding him in every way possible in the administration of the affairs of the University. They united in testifying to his wisdom, prudence, firmness, zeal and high executive ability.

We found the very best state of feeling between students and the faculty, the faculty striving to be helpful to the students, and the students rendering much aid to the faculty in the general management of the University, and taking a great pride in making a good name for the institution. The faculty bore warm testimony to this, and expressed grateful appreciation therefor to the committee.

The management of the University, we fully believe; from our investigations, to be free from political and denominational bias. We have seen no evidence of any such bias in either direction. The students are from families of every shade of politics and religion. We heard not a word of discord or unpleasantness on either score. We do not believe anything of the kind has any existence here. There is a bias for religion, the religion of our own Bible, the Christian religion. Why should it not be so biased? Our civilization is a Christian civilization. Our school system is a Christian civilization. Our constitution, which is a religious constitution, declares that "religion, morality and knowledge being necessarp to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of educationshall forever be encouraged." Does anyone suppose that any other religion than that of our own Bible, or that any morality except that of which our Bible is the best teacher, was in the minds of the men who framed this constitution? Under this constitution, and by its command, we have our public school system; under this constitution, and by its command, this University was founded.

Let it be religious! It must be religious. There is a common ground for the common good, broad enough for us all to stand on as Christian men and citizens of a Christian State. Denominational bias should have no place here, either in tne faculty or in the board of trustees. We believe it has no place. It becomes us to see to it that it has no place.

We believe that the University is worthy of our highest efforts to maintain it and to broaden its influence, and to send out its light to bless the State in blessing its young men and broadening them for service. The State needs the University. The University is worthy of the State. Let us keep it so. As our educational horizon expands with the advance of these wonderful times let us enlarge the center light that its rays may touch the remotest points and bring hope and joy to the men who are to come after us.

JOHN C. SCARBOROUGH,
Chair'm.

SIGNIFICANT IN OBSCURITY.

Clapp & Co. bankers and brokers of New York issue circulars each week showing the condition of the crops, finances, and the outlook. That part of the circular which relates to finances is generally written in such obscure language that it is diffiult to comprehend the meaning, yet there is deep significance to them. The class to whom they are sent we believe understand them. It is an enigma if read superficially or hastily, but a careful perusal shows that there is someihing dark and deep laid in them, even though you can't discru their intentions by their strange sentences.

On the fiuancial outlook we give the following from one of their circulars:

"National financial problems now present unknown crop equations. The humble bushel and bale of the field now appear near relations of the honest dollar and lordly dividend.

Bankrupcy courts and threshing machines both appear to grow more straw than wheat. Manufacturers and railway auditors make fresh acquainances with crop reports. The poverty of those who grow wheat appears possibly may equal that of some who want to eat it. The quantity of food offered appears equal to present power of some to purchase it. American millers and English bankers cheerily divide farmers losses by reduced speculation."

The scarcity of money brought the People's party into existence.—News & Observer. tf.

BUT ONE ISSUE.

EDITOR CAUCASIAN—MY DEAR SIR:—I wish to congratulate you upon the warfare you are waging against the machine Democrats of North Carolina, and assure you of my hearty approval of your earnest work. However different our views may be relative to the National Legislation needed, and the policies to be inaugurated, as citizens of North Carolina, we are, in self-defense, advocates of the same cause. Whether the suppression of the ballot and the prostitution of our free institutions shall be further meekly submitted to, by a free people, is the question for us to determine. Whether we will be longer menials, doing the bidding of the self-constituted bosses, whose promotion is received through the unholy operation of a North Carolina Election Law, is for us to say. The Constitution declares, and its sacred declaration is written with the blood of "our fathers." That all men are, and of right ought to be, free, yet we, as North Carolinians, see year after year, thousands of honest voters intimidated and defrauded, until our elections are a farce and our law but a mockery of justice. It is a shame, and I say it with regret, that the manhood of our State has not long since revolted at these unholy deeds and declared our freedom. Where is the spirit of Mecklenburg's immortal declarations, that our citizens are allowed to be trampled upon, and their liberties torn from them by the most high-handed and truculent frauds. We have sold our birthright for less than a "mess of pottage," and surrendered our liberties unconditionally to the arrogant few, where designing ends tend only to self aggrandizement. The opponents of free government, have, year by year, added to the strength of their compact by the most partisan legislation, until they have an iron machine of mammoth proportions opposed to every interest of the people. Where is the clouds with silver lining—the hope of better government? It lies only in the strength of our great masses, and I hail the day when another Mecklenburg declaration shall arouse the slumbering populace, to the echo of whose tread, will be the "tramp, tramp, tramp" of North Carolina freemen, to an honest election—A FREE BALLOT AND FAIR COUNT. County after county has been stolen and the majorities against Democracy counted in its favor, until our whole body politic is corrupted and our elections a fraud upon their face. How long, I ask, sir, will the people of North Carolina submit to such intolerance, and be dominated by men whose promotion is secured only by intimidation, fraud and theft? It is said the whelp of the lion crouches beneath the lash, but when driven to desperation fights with the ferocity of a demon for life and liberty. We have been crouching all these years beneath the lash of Democratic tyranny and intolerance, and yet, when the people, even those who have always stood by the Democracy, refuse to longer be party to such arbitrary methods, and dare oppose the machine, they are denounced as fools, revolutionists and traitors. From "Hold Robinson and save the State" in 1876 down to the culminating atrocity of 1892, like political vampires they have preyed upon the vitals of our body politic, until, with an election law that is a disgrace to the State and a shame upon every Legislator who was party to the conspiracy, they have sought to bind us hand and foot and secure forever such rule as will best suit their ends. Instead of fair elections and honest representation, we have pillaged boxes, stolen ballots and bondaged people. We ask for bread and are given a stone. Will we longer listen to their Siren song and remain Laals and Boois as in Sweden and Denmark instead of freemen and citizens. There's an Oriental story of an enchanted hill upon which could be heard the most fascinating music. Those who ascended the hill were warned that if they looked backwards they would be turned to stone. Thousands, there were, however, who, led by the fascinating music, attempted the ascend, and as towards the summit they advanced the more fascinating it became, until they were lost in the wild reverie of sweet sounds; when suddenly the music would proceed from behind them, and under the spell of enchantment they would turn to their charmer and fall a stone upon the ground. The Democratic party has been an enchanted hill, and the promises of her campaign orators the music, the fatal delusion, that has led the thousands to disappointment and ruin. The promises of reform and better times, told in rainbow colors of brightest hue, have been fulfilled in the form of wide-spread disaster, general stagnation in business, financial ruin, panic and want. A year ago, the hum of the spindle and the sound of the hammer and the pick were the music of thousands of prosperous industries, giving wages to the laborer and happiness to his home. The Democratic party, upon its promises and pledges, like the serpent that charms with its mouth of variegated colors, only to strike with the mortal sting in its tail, came into power, and the country is shocked. Stagnation in business and general depression have followed. The blow was given and the country feels the sting. However much was promised by the campaign orator, in his enthusiasm, or the party platform, the most visionary dreamer can now find little hope of relief from the party in power. Promises count for little, and much need not be expected from a party, a large per cent. of whose representatives hold their seats by unfair methods and dishonesty. More of truth than jest was the remark of a prominent citizen of this country during the last campaign, "That on the 8th day of November an election would be held in thirty-three States, and eleven would sign certificates stating that Mr. Cleveland had received a majority of the votes cast." Let the battle cry be "Free Ballot and Fair Count," and to the bugle notes of our advancing host will respond the marching thousands of North Carolina citizens who believe in equal rights to all men and special privileges to none. I see but one issue before us, that which involves the rights of citizenship, and as a Republican, looking to the vindication of the rights of our people, I hail the advent of THE CAUCASIAN as a boon to the cause of honest elections, and the independent course of yourself and those of like views in behalf of ballot reform, as prognostic of a coming upheaval. During the French Revolution in one of the principle cities a company of boys carried a banner upon which inscribed "Tremble tyrants, w'ere growing up." Against the machine bosses continue the fight. Sound the tocsin of alarm to ballot-box stuffers, and above the heads of our struggling subjects wave the banner "W'ere growing up," and those who are opposed to free government and honest representation let us fight to the finish till this is done, and the ballot held sacred, our views on finance and tariff are but leaves scattered by the blasts, and gathered not up again, our hope of reform the veried folly, and our appeals for "better times" but the silly vaporings of short-sighted patriots and visionary enthusiasts. We are citizens and should be free. To be otherwise is disloyal to ourselves and cowardly in extreme.

Most truly,
SPENCER BLACKBURN.
Jefferson, N. C.

A THREATENED ERUPTION.

Well informed friends of reform are waiting with considerable anxity the final vote in the Senate on the repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman act.

Unless many strong men are cowards and many honorable men are liars the Democratic party will be rent in twain. Unless the Democracy of the Senate and House are all sycophants, hypocrites, and servile time servers, that party will be divided beyond all hope of reorganization upon present lines. It seems impossible to prevent such a desirable occurrence in view of the many threats and expressions of defiance to eastern domination. It is quite likely a formal declaration of withdrawal from both the Democratic and Republican parties will be drawn up and numerously signed bySenators and members of Congress as soon as this repeal becomes a certainty, and a new alignment in politics will be the order of the day. Some just at present will be too proud to come into the People's party, but that feeling will wear off and we may look for a large number of prominent men in both the two old parties, but more especiall from the Democratic party, asking for seats at our council fires. Of course there is room for all, and all are welcome who come with honest intentions to bring about once more a rule of the people for the people's benefit. All manners of schemes will be brought out by the Clevelandites to prevent such break, but we do not believe it can be prevented. At all events the present situation portends evil to the two old parties, and seems to point directly to a new party of the classes under Cleveland, Sherman, and others of their kind, against a party of the masses. Let it come at once.—National Watchman.

JEFFERSON AND JACKSON

Were Opposed to Banks of Issue Both State and National.

Andrew Jackson it was who said, "if congress has the right under the constitution to issue paper money, it was given them to be used by themselves, not to be delegated to indivi duals or banking corporations."

Thos. Jefferson it was who said "Bank paper must be suppressed, and the circulating medium must be restored to the nation to whom it belongs. It is the only fund on which we can rely for loans, it is our only resource which can never fail us, and it is an abundant one for every necessary purpose."

If you believe in the doctrine of Jefferson and Jackson and have the manhood to back up your belief with your votes, what party will you be acting with to-day? tf.

RIVERDALE, N. C. Sept. 13, 18th.

THE CAUCASION.—Resolved, That Riverdale sub-Alliance heartily commend the course of Senator Vance in the present session of the Senate and all our representative except Settle and Bunn.

J. S. FISHER,
Secretary.

We suppose the tariff is not robbing the people much now. We never hear anything about it. tf.

NO COMPROMISE.

NO CONCESSION TO SILVER.

"UNCONDITIONAL REPEAL THE PRESIDENTS ULTIMATUM.

HE SCORNS "THE STEERING COMMITTEES" PROPOSITION.

Wall Street First—The People Be Damned.

WASHINGTON, Sept.

Perhaps Cleveland is not marter of the situation. Possibly there are people dunce enough to believe that he does not absolutely control the action of Congress. If such there be they may learn something from the half-hearted attempt made by "the Gorman steering committee "to homonize the party on the silver question. The proposition subsuitted in the shape of an amendment, is to call in all notes under $10; coin all the silver bullion in the treasury; continue the purchase and coinage of silver at the rate rate of $3,000,000 per month until a circulation of $800,000,000, is reached, when coinage is to cease. This would practically end the purchase of bullion until the $600,000,000 now in the treasury vaults is coined.

BETTER THAN NOTHING.

The free coinage Democrats are disposed to accept it as better than nothing, believing that it may restore harmony in the party. It is plain to the Democratic leaders who have not sold out to the administration that the Democratic party is on the dizzy verge of disruption. It is not so much that the free coinage of silver is necessarily the soundest financial policy, but the abandonment of the principle at the behest of the money power who would force a single gold standard upon the country is such a cowardly betrayal of the people as admits of no condonement or extenuation. Acquiescence in the administration policy is, to them, political death. Retribution will certainly follow, and they know it too well.

WHAT WILL THEY DO?

The President scorns the "Faulkner compromise." With the disdain of a dictator he waves the "unclean thing" from him, and says "I will not have none of it." "With the assurance of a master who speaks only to be obeyed, he says "the unconditional repeal of the Sherman law, or nothing." And as one who speaks by authority he says "it must and will go through." And so it will. This I have repeatedly said in this correspondence. It is Mr. Cleveland's determination, at whatever cost to the people and to the Democratic party—in the way of broken promises and repudiated principles—to destroy silver as money. And he is perfectly consistent in doing so. It was known to the political jugglers who nominated him at Chicago that he was a gold monometalist. They knew that he was educated and trained in the Wall street school of trade and finance. But they started out to deceive the people, and they have ended in their betrayal. "God save me from the wrath of the people" they may now pray.

THE FREE COINAGE PLANK.

After Clevelands nomination was a foregone conclusion Juggler Gorman and his crowd constructed a platform that meant free coinage in North Carolina and Wall street bimetalism in New York. What little was said about the financial policy of the party during the campaign in North Carolina was of the strongest and most unequivocal free coinage stamps. The State Democratic platform "demands the free coinage of silver, and the national platform was accepted as a declaration of the same principle, and nobody thought of giving it any other interpretation.

CONSISTENT BUT WAS HE HONEST.

The crime the polititicians committed against the honest, unsuspecting, truth-loving people was in the platform deception perpetrated at Chicago. There is nothing in political ethics to justify or extenuate it. It was political jugglery not a whit above slum politics, and it is to a great extent responsible for the inextricable dillemma that now confronts and involves the Democratic party.

That Mr. Cleveland is consistent in his hostility to silver nobody questions, but was it honest in him to accept a nomination on a free coinage platform? He knew what interpretation was given to it by the masses of the party. He was advertent to the campaign literature of the National Democratic Committee. He must have known—he did know—that the Democratic party was solemly pledged to free coinage legislation. He acquiesced in the universally accepted position of the party. Any other construction of the platform he must have known—he did know—meant revolt and mutiny and Democratic disaster. Then was he honest? Is he honest to-day? Believe it who may, I do not.

DICTATOR NOT SUPPLIANT.

He is not asking for votes now. He is not a suppliant at the feet of the people. He rules, not at the head of a great party, inspired by the patriotic desire for the general weal, but as the representative of

Continued on second page.

"GROSS ABUSES"

re Bringing Contempt and ... a Dishonored Party—The Pe... Better Than the Ballot Box ... Democratic Party.

Gross abuses have crept ... dishonoring to the party ... ing contempt and ruin upon ... sted it. We know ed... gh-toned gentlemen who ... vingly Democratic, who ... the triumph of the Third ... e triumph of the Democ... ting to low, dangerous ... methods at the ballot-b... have said so in our hea... elieve that Third party ... vil than ballot abuses ... reform here." (tf.)

GAW HIGH SCHOOL, ... TERSON, A. B., Princip... ession Opens Sept. 4th, ... ment for First Session ... ncrease of 66 over the en... beginning. ... counties represented. Boa... onth. Tuition $1.25 to $... g to grade. Music $2.50 ... to the Principal for Cat... may11-5ms-2p.

RS OF THE CAUCASIAN

to the World's Fair?

HAVE NOT ARRANGED FOR ... ACCOMMODATIONS.

the Louisiana Hote... DOLLAR PER DAY.

rters for the People, Pop... iancemen, Free Silverme... 71st & Seipp Ave., Chicago ... blocks of the Fair Ground... Capt. C. A. Power, know... ist and Alliance circle... t the United States, is wi... and will promptly an... answer inquiries for room... You can stop at this hote... he fear of extortion... Send for a certificate, ... good for 10 days' lodging.

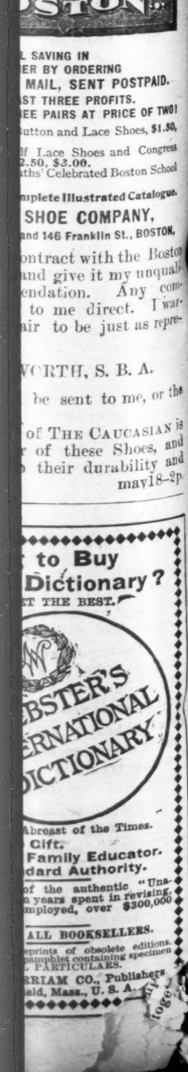
REACH THIS HOTEL

ou arrive in Chicago, go ... Front, Van Buren St. ... take an Illinois Centr... cago) Suburban train ... et to PARKSIDE. LOOK ... O BLOCKS and you will ... UISIANA HOTEL. Don't ... ks if you can avoid it. All ... vided with good double ... s. Large rooms will have ... ree double beds TO AC... PARTIES AT SPECIAL ... ite C. A. POWER, Agent, ... ars.

SELLERS, Manager.

Proprietor ALAMO HOUSE, ... olorado Springs, Col. ... his paper. july6-10t—2p

MERRIMAN & CO., ... Commission Merchants, ... Fruits, Berries, Dest... Furs, Eggs, Poultry, ... ms, Oysters, &c, ... ington St., New York. ... and Prompt Returns ... ns—2p



L SAVING IN ... ER BY ORDERING ... MAIL, SENT POSTPAID. ... ST THREE PROFITS. ... EE PAIRS AT PRICE OF TWO! ... utton and Lace Shoes, $1.50, ... If Lace Shoes and Congress ... 2.50, $3.00. ... ths' Celebrated Boston School ... mplete Illustrated Catalogue. ... SHOE COMPANY, ... and 146 Franklin St., BOSTON, ... ontract with the Boston ... nd give it my unqualified ... endation. Any corre... to me direct. I want ... air to be just as repre...

WORTH, S. B. A. ... be sent to me, or the ... of THE CAUCASIAN is ... of these Shoes, and ... their durability and ... may18-2p

to Buy Dictionary? ... T THE BEST.

Abreast of the Times. ... Cliff: ... Family Educator. ... dard Authority. ... of the authentic "Una... 8 years spent in revising, ... mployed, over $300,000 ... ALL BOOKSELLERS. ... sprints of obsolete editions, ... pamphlet containing specimen ... PARTICULARS. ... RIAM CO., Publishers ... ield, Mass., U. S. A.

THE CAUCASIAN

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

MARION BUTLER, Editor & Propr.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

ONE YEAR, - - - - - - - - - $1.00
SIX MONTHS, - - - - - - - - 50

[Entered at the Post Office at Goldsboro', N. C., as second-class mail matter.]

PREPARING TO UNITE.

It was only a short while since that the press dispatches contained an item of news to the effect that Democrats and Republicans in Kansas would assemble in the same conventions, unite their forces and begin systematic war on the Populists in that State as they now control the affairs of the State government.

The dispatch stated that the call for the conventions was intended for all patriotic citizens who desired to wrest the State from anarchy (?) as the defeated elements of both the old parties term it.

If such a course is pursued it will not be surprising at all, for a great number of the leading Democrats of this country are now in league with prominent leaders of the Republican party. An example is Grover, the Great, and John Sherman who stands before the American people to-day convicted of one the most damnable crimes of the age.

Indeed, politics makes strange bed fellows, as the old saying goes. Grover and John are great chums now. The latter's services are invaluable at this time.

The two old parties have pooled their issues, if the tone of many of the leading papers counts for anything, especially on the finance question. When the N. Y. World, the foremost Democratic paper in this country, says that "John Sherman is a patriot," it is time for all true men to be vigilant, for there will be a bargain and sale somewhere.

Straws generally indicate the direction the wind is blowing. Read the following taken from the Norfolk Landmark of Sept. 6th:

"We are bound to say that if we must choose between Ingalls and Peffer to be Senator from Kansas, we will take Ingalls every time and we are glad to see that he is going to contest for the place the whiskered obstructionist now holds."

Mark the language of the above! The Landmark is glad to see that Ingalls will make the contest notwithstanding the fact that the "statesman out of a job," was one of the most venomous South-haters in congress when he was there. No man could surpass him in the use of bitter, abusive and invictive language against the South, and yet the Landmark wants him returned!

THE QUESTION OF RATIO.

In 1892 Mr. Bland said, "It is claimed, and the history of prices show, that as silver falls as compared to gold so in about the same ratio the prices of our farm products fall. To say that silver is low is tantamount to saying that the price of cotton, wheat, and other farm exports is depressed. "It is beyond a doubt," he continued, "that the free coinage of silver by decreasing the value of gold and increasing the value of silver, and thus bringing them about to par, would add at least from 12 to 15 per cent. to the value of all farm products; so that it is clearly seen that the gain of the silver miner as compared to the gain of the American farmer by the free coinage of silver is practically insignificant." Farmers ought therefore to be interested in and in favor of free coinage. Are they interested in the question of ratio or is that a matter of indifference to them? Would they be affected by a change of ratio? Let's see. If wheat, cotton and other farm exports decline in price in about the same degree that silver declines as compared with gold, then the free and unlimited coinage of silver at any ratio, by preventing a decline in the value of silver, would prevent also a decline in the price of farm products. Silver would be less valuable at a greater ratio than at a less ratio,—less valuable at the ratio of 20 to 1 than at 16 to 1. And so farm products would be more valuable at the ratio of 16 to 1 than if the ratio is changed to 20 to 1 or 24 to 1. The farmer is therefore no less interested in the matter of the ratio than in the matter of the free coinage; and he is interested in both not less than the silver miner.

Bland in one of his silver speeches denounced the goldbugs of his party quite severely and said that in their efforts to strike down silver "anybody or any party that undertakes to do it, will, in God's name, be trampled—as it ought to be—in the dust of condemnation now and in the future. I speak as a democrat, but yet as an American above democracy. We do not intend that any party shall survive, if we can help it, that will lay its confiscating hand on America in the interest of England or Europe." If Bland is an honest man he should at once sever his connection from the Democratic party.

"John Sherman a patriot."
—New York World.

A CONSERVATIVE FOSSIL VS. A CONSERVATIVE REFORMER.

When you see a goldbug paper praising and magnifying a man because he is a "conservative," you may know at once that that man is in favor of the present condition, and wants them to remain as they are, unchanged. Such a man is an enemy to nine-tenths of the people. More than nine-tenths of the people in this corner of the moral vineyard are suffering from the present condition. Such a man is a conservative goldbug monopoly, servile and fossil.

The kind of men who are the friends of the people, and safe men to follow are conservative reformers. Such a man wants to change the present condition, so as to give every man who will labor a chance to enjoy the fruits of his labor. Such a man works to bring about these changes justly and patriotically, and through the peaceful agency of the ballot box. The people need reformers whose zeal and enthusiasm is tempered with wisdom, and a due regard for the rights of others—of all classes. This kind of a man is more hated by the monopolists and their tools, the politician and the hired press, than is a wild rash fanatic. He is more hated because he is more feared. They fear him because they know that he will do nothing that they can show that is unjust. They know that they can't break the confidence of the people in such a man no matter how much they abuse and misrepresent him. They will call him an anarchist, but the intelligence of the people will condemn such a charge. They howl "anarchist" because they know he is not one. Their wish is further to the thought.

CONGRESS.

The Senate branch of congress is still cussing and discussing the silver question, with a determination on each side to carry their points if possible. The House having done its do has turned its attention to other matters. We see a bill has been introduced allowing the reopening and investigation of Pension claims that have been passed upon—where there is a suggestion that the claim has been illegally allowed. This is well enough. The Pension Roll should be a roll of honor and none should be upon it who are underserving. And while on this subject we will remark that it is damnable shame that a man, who is holding a position under the government drawing a big salary for labor he is rendering the government should be on the pension roll drawing a pension for incipacity to labor. Now is there any justice in paying Walter Q. Gresham or any other member of the cabinet, member of congress, minister or consul a pension where, they are drawing fabulous salaries as government officials. We know that this class of pensioners stand in no jeopardy, so long as this government is managed and controlled by those who are now and have been controlling it for the last quarter of a century; but we say it is a shame just the same. We do not know that it will be changed, but we are hoping for it at any rate. Let the pension rolls be revised and as good a place to start at is at the top, and come down.

The silver men should make an effort to demonetize gold now that the goldbugs of the east are endeavoring to rob the people of their homes by confiscating their property. If silver is wiped out as a money of the Constitution we will hear of suffering and oppression in this country from sources that are now enjoying comparative prosperity. If the goldbugs succeed in their damnable work the people throughout the country should rise in their might and demand that gold be demonetized.

If Bland has insisted that the Representatives should vote for free silver or unconditional repeal of the Sherman law the vote in all probability would not have been so large against free silver, because those who pretended to be bimetalists, at the same time voting for unconditional repeal of the Sherman law, would have been put on record. Now they will attempt to explain away their action by claiming that they were bimitalists. Their action will arouse the people's indignation.

There is no regret expressed by those who voted the reform ticket in the last election, but there are some mighty angry fellows to-day who are almost "cursing" themselves because they voted for goldbug Grover. The reformers told them that they were supporting a goldbug, but to say that the only "great, good and wise" Grover was a goldbug only intensified their anger. We have compassion for them in their mental anguish.

THE REMEDY...THE ALLIANCE DEMANDS.

Don't let your subscription expire, get your neighbor to renew and if there is a family in your neighborhood where the paper does not go, don't stop till they are reading it. Now is the time to educate, now is the time to appeal to reason. Let us not lose the opportunity. The success of our cause depends on it. Our devotion to the cause of truth and justice demands it. tf

EXECUTIVE USURPATION.

CLEVELAND MASTER OF CONGRESS AND DICTATES ITS POLICY.

THE FLESH POT STATESMEN WHO VOTED FOR THE SPOILS.

RANSOM RATTLED.

VANCE JUMPS ON HIM WITH BOTH FEET.

In a Desperate Dilemma Over the Prospect of Defeating Simmons and Elias.

IT DOESN'T PAY TO LAUGH TOO SOON.

Vance Not a Dead-Cock in the Pit—as Yet.

WASHINGTON, September 17.—The House yielded with alacrity to the President's demands and repealed the Sherman law with almost indecent haste. It advertised its subserviency conspicuously and on all occasions. The capitulation was prompt and "unconditional." With the members of the House it was a virtual question of the spoils. No "repeal," no patronage; no surrender, no appointments.

BACK DOOR ENTRANCE TO THE WHITE HOUSE.

Only members showing the "unconditional repeal" tag have the ENTREE to the White House, and, during the first two days of baby Esther's reign they were admitted through the back door. Even they are not entirely happy. In discussing appointments they speak with bated breath, and as they emerge from the awe-inspiring presence of his mightiness, great beads of perspiration decorate their countenances that show no signs of tempestuous hilarity. When interrogated about the result "of seeing the President," they gush out the answer "that the President is in no mood to consider appointments or anything else but the repeal of the Sherman law." "It is a momentous crisis," he says and "the terrible effect of the excitement incident to delay is making the

PRESIDENT A LITTLE IMPATIENT."

This is too bad. It must be a vexatious disappointment to the President to realize that the anti-repeal Senators are not as ready to do Wall street's bidding as were the hungry, starving members of the Lower House. It must trouble his kingly soul to know that "an American Senator can be honest, can have convictions and can be true to his convictions." Such a manly utterance from Virginia's eloquent Senator, must have been a startling revelation to his Royal Highness.

EXECUTIVE ENCROACHMENT.

From the day congress met it has been the open policy of the President to force his opinions down its throat. The alacrity with which the House responded to his demands, did not prepare him for the obstinate resistance shown by the anti-repeal, anti-administration Senators. They have not been awed or influenced by the patronage of the administration, but they have been constrained to protest against executive usurpation. Even the most ardent of the administration Senators are beginning to kick. The President is getting impatient at the Senate's delay in repealing the Sherman law. If a vote can ever be reached it will pass by a decisive majority, but a reaching vote is another thing.

INDEFINITE DELAY.

Senators who are true to the people on silver, the Western silver men intend to defeat the repeal of the law, or dead-lock the Senate "through time and eternity." When it comes to a contest of physical endurance the minority will prove invincible, and can delay the action of the Senate indefinitely. Speaking of the situation a day or two ago, Senator Stewart said: "The repeal bill shall never pass the Senate. The President is urging the administration Senators to act in the matter at once—stop the discussion and the contention and pass the Voorhees bill. To this end he favors a cloture rule. The persistency and perternacity with which he urges this course is provoking some irritation among his followers. They understand the impossibility of immediate or even remote action without the consent of the minority. The only alternative is a cloture rule. Coming events plainly indicate the possibility of this resort. It is a desperate alternation but the trend of things look altogether in that direction. It is that, or abandonment or compromise. The very suggestion of the latter throws the President into a condition of uncontrollable rage. Say "compromise" within hearing of the President if you would hear "cursing" done to the "queens taste."

SPLITTING THE SOLID SOUTH.

The South has not been awed by patronage or influenced by the Presidents dictation. With exception of Gordon and Ransom and Hunton of Virginia it presents a solid front against the repeal of the Sherman law. Gordon's desertion was the matter of a few hours. One day he was a snorting anti-repeal man, and the following day he was on the floor of the Senate pleading with tears in his voice for the unconditional repeal of the law. Hunton is a railroad lawyer and lobbyist and is in the Senate by accident. Ransom is influenced wholly by the expectation of patronage and by railroads and other influences. With Simmons in the East and Elias in the West "the machine" in his estimation, is invincible. That means his re-lection to the United States Senate, and "the people be d—n." But about that "slip between the cup and the lip."

A STARTLING SUPPOSION.

Suppose the Senate refuses to confirm the nomination of Simmons and Elias. It is possible. In fact it is not unlikely that both nominations will be reported adversely. Vance is making things lively and warm far Elias, and Ransom wears a haggard and anxious look whenever Simmons' name is mentioned. During the past few days he has become seriously disturbed and alarmed about Simmons. His dextrous and persistent butten-holing of Republican Senators has resulted in no assurance of support in that district. With a united Republican and Populist opposition his defeat is certain. Vance can defeat Elias easily. It is understood that the Finance committee will report his nomination unfavorably.

RANSOM IN A HOLE.

It will prove a fatal blow to Ransom. It puts him in a hole, from which there is no extrication. It locates him between the devil of wall street and the deep sea of the peoples indignation. It is plain to see that he is deeply agitated by the situation. The impending disaster adds years to his life and gives his face a curious look that means anxious days and sleepless nights. It is the taste of the dead sea fruit to thirsty lips. It was an easy triumph to defeat Vance's candidate for the Collectorship, in his own district, but it may prove a short-lived jubilation for the Ransom crowd, who crowed so heartily over Vance's humiliation. Vance is a member of the finance committee and it is not likely that the committee will report adversely to his protest. Ransom's only hope to save both Elias and Simmons is in executive session of the Senate. That can only be done by Republican votes, and up to this time according to well authenticated reports, that support has not materialized. So that the deep damnation mote possom's taking off" is not a reof Ransibility. He dickers with the President whose nomination at Chicago he covertly attempted to defeat and whose candacy, he said, would cost the Democratic party 40,000 votes in North Carolina, to dispoil the people of one half of their money. The people cry to him for bread and he answers by bowing his neck to the money power and wearing the adminstration collar. The defeat of Elias and Simmons, whose appointments are accepted as the QUID PRO QUO of his betrayal of the people—and the price of his repudiation of Democratic principles, would meet with general acclaim as a just and swift retribution. It is a question of self-preservation with Vance. He very well understands that Ransom has formed a combination with Jno. S. Henderson to defeat his re-election to the Senate; and it is equally plain to him that the combination will win with the machine in the hands of Elias and Simmons. Vance is but human. He has been nagged and badgered by the Ransom people until further forbearance on his part will be accepted as moral cowardice; of this there is no great danger. The fight is on "damned be he who cries, hold, enough."

JONATHAN EDWARDS.

EVERY MAN

Who wants to vote intelligently next election must keep up with what Congress is doing now. THE CAUCASIAN is giving a fair honest report of the true inwardness of the situation each week. We will suppress nothing. We will conceal nothing. We will give due credit to all, irrespective of politics, and will censure any or all, who in our judgement deserve it. Subscribe for THE CAUCASIAN. Get your neighbor to subscribe. You cannot afford to be without it. Don't miss another issue.

"WORSE THAN FOOLISHNESS."

When silver was demonetized by the Republicans in 1873, the white metal was worth $1.32 an ounce. Cotton brought 20 cents per pound in Atlanta and wheat $1.50 per bushel. To-day—1893—silver is worth 73 cents an ounce, cotton 7 cents a pound, and wheat 64 cents a bushel. And then talk about a single gold standard and the demonetization of silver! Bosh. Worse than foolishness.—Fayetteville Gazette.

(tf.)

Money is scarce very scarce but the people cannot afford to be without a newspaper no matter how scarce money is. THE CAUCASIAN is laboring to show the cause of this trouble and to fasten the responsibility where it belongs. Those now in power can and should relieve the situation. THE CAUCASIAN is giving the people the facts and stands ready to condemn or approve according to their merits or demerits. The people will sustain THE CAUCASIAN and they see the importance of doing it now in spite of the scareity of money.

If you want to be posted on what your Congressmen and Senators are doing in the Extra Session, you can each week have the official record placed before you, the exact words as uttered by the Senators and Representatives on the floor of both Houses, by subscribing to the National Watchman, Washington, D. C. It is only 50 cents per year and comes out weekly. The proceedings of congress as given can be depended on as correct as they are an exact copy taken from the Congressional Record. Send in your name with as many others as you can. Be sure you address your letter to

NATIONAL WATCHMAN,
18 D Street N. W., Washington, D. C.
(tf.)

The feeling of superiority in the sterner sex is inborn. "Mamma, do you think you'll go to heaven?" said Jack, thoughtfully looking into his mother's face. "Yes, dear, if I'm good," said the little mother cautiously, wondering what would come next. "Then please be good, for papa and I would be so lonesome without you."—Kate Field's Washington.

NOTICE

To the American People.

The Democratic party under the leadership of Grover Cleveland has surrendered to John Sherman and his allies.

(tf.)

THE CAUCASIAN will set every man to thinking who reads it—that is all those whose minds have not been wholy paralyzed by prejudice and blind party worship, and these kind of men will not read it if you offer it to them.

Sampson County News.

SOUTH CLINTON.

Little Lela and Carrie Melvin of Harrell's store are visiting Miss Ma- Herring. B.

NORTH CLINTON

Miss Mary Moore and her two brothers Messrs David and Vick of Raleigh are visiting at Mr. J. W. Boney's this week,

Mrs. Alvin Royal who has been quite sick for sometime we are glad to state is convalessing,

Mr. B. Boney who has been spending several days at home sick, returned last Thursday to Rocky Mount to resume his position as express Messenger from there to Plymouth.

The recent storms and heavy rains have done considerable damage to the cotton crop in this section. Mc.

Mr. R. F. Herring has about completed his mill across the stream known as Black's Branch. He has moved his gin house and machinery down to his mill site and will hereafter use water power instead of horse power to gin cotton. His overshot wheel is 12 feet which is sufficient to run a grist mill which he intends putting in.

Miss Rossin Johnson of Taylor's Bridge spent a few days with friends in this section last week.

Eben, son of Mr. T. W. Britt, is improving from injuries received by a runaway horse several days ago.

Crops in this community are damaged badly by recent heavy rains and wind.

Mr. R. F. Herring sold 2 bales of cotton Sept. 9th.

Well we suppose Mr. Z. E. Mathis has got "relief" and has "relieved" the ex-Sheriff of any more duties in the postoffice.

If the policy of the dominating party (we can't say democratic bebause of the mixture with the party on which so much abuse has been heaped) to further contract the currency is carried out we will all be relieved of what we have to pay our tax with to support officers of the government who are rolling in luxury. But we will not go any further with that thought, for we haven't lost confidence in the American people yet. Congratulations to you Mr. editor. PHIL.

MC'DANIELS.

Andrews Chapel Alliance has again been called to mourn the death of one of its members, Bro. Lloyd Caine, who was just in the prime of manhood, was called from earth to reward September the 3rd. He leaves a wife, one child and many friends to mourn his death. His wife suffers the loss of a loving husband, his child a kind father, the community a good neighbor and the Alliance a true member. His daily walk was that of an honest, upright man, and he was always true to his honest convictions. He was laid to rest September the 4th by the order in which he had proved himself to be a worthy member.

A. FRIEND.

TAYLOR'S BRIDGE.

Mr. V. A. Royal is teaching the school at Red Hill again this session.

Mr. A. J. Johnson's mill sustained a serious breakage the other night. The loss will be considerable.

Mr. T. J. Peterson is teaching the school at Spring Vale.

Some more marriages soon. Yes some more blooming, blushing maidens to be lain away into the "silent tomb of matrimony."

Messrs. W. O. and J. A. Mc'Arthur are spending some time at home.

Rev. Walter N. Johnson preached an interesting and instructive sermon to a large congregation at Mt. Gilead last Sunday. Mr. Johnson is yet in his "teens."

Miss Callie Boney of Duplin is visiting among friends in this township.

Rev. Chas. F. Hoffer is in Shelby on a vacation where he is visiting his father's family.

The Cleveland Club Democrat, oh! where is he. This silver plated production of the recent and heated past is howling calamity in away that would make our energetic friend Ely blush for shame. He has at last pounced the discovery that "We must have more money in circulation"—a thing for which the misguided rag-tag-and-bob-tail," has contended from the first. The moss back of to-day never sees anything in the way of progress and general improvement til it knocks him down and runs over him. Then he picks himself up, brushes the dust off his back, and makes an affidavit that he is the author and original patentee of the improvement. Just look at the Cleveland Club Democrats of Sampson county. Nice gang—these Cleveland, Cleveland, Cleveland Democrats. Mr. editor how would you like to be a Cleveland Democrat?

J. O. M.

DISMAL.

Thanks to the correspondent from Honeycutts for complimentary remarks; they are appreciated.

We have had an abundance of rain. Fodder that has not been housed or stacked is almost a total loss, and corn is badly damaged.

There will be a Sunday School Conference at Hall's Chapel, beginning September 29th.

Mr. G. W. Howard, formerly of this section, but for the past few months a resident of Timmonsville, S. C., is sojourning for awhile in the regions around about Dismal postoffice.

Miss Ida D. Spell, one of our fairest belles, is attending the South River Baptist Institute at Autryville.

We are sad to chronicle the death of Mrs. J. M. Spell, wife of our esteemed sheriff, which sad event occurred about 7 o'clock P M. on the 11 inst. Rev. J. E. Bristowe of Aurora N. C. conducted the funeral service which was largely attended although the weather was very inclement. We extend our heart-felt sympathy to the bereaved family

"GILL."

WESTBROOKS.

Farmers are beginning to pick out their cotton.

Mr. Moses A. Williams who has been home on a two month's visit, returned on the 13th ult to Savannah Georgia.

Mr. M. B. Williams has for the last week been visiting his parents, but left on the 13th inst for Baltimore Md. where he will study Pharmacy.

Mr. J. F. Jackson's school closed at Maple Grove on the 8th. Mr. Jackson is a splendid teacher and we regret to lose him.

TURKEY.

Miss. Irene Howard of Dismal, who recently spent a week or more visiting relatives and friends in Turkey and Taylor's Bridge has returned home.

NEWTON GROVE.

Rev. D. B. Clayton of Columbia S. C. will preach at Warren's school house on Saturday night before the 1st. Sunday in October and Newton Grove on Sunday. Preaching on Sunday at 11 o'clock A. M.

Whitfield Tart Jr.

TO POPULIST—ANDALL WHO BELIEVE IN THE COINAGE OF SILVER.

The battle is on in Virginia. The issue is clearly presented. The State convention of the People's party held at Lynchburg declared for the free coinage of silver and gold at the present legal ratio 16 to 1.

There was no dodging no evasion. The ticket nominated, headed by Captain Edmund R. Cocke, for Governor is conceded by all to be as strong and able as ever presented for the support of voters in any State.

The Democratic convention at Richmond was held during the discussion, in the House of Representatives of the Wilson unconditional repeal bill. In that discussion Eastern Democrats maintained that the Chicago platform of 1892 meant a gold standard. The Democratic President had so construed it, Some Western and Southern Democrats claim that the platform of 1892 meant free coinag of silver with gold. In the Richmond convention a few genuine and sincere friends of silver coinage advocated the adoption of a clean cut declaration on the question—similar to that made by the Populists, but they were but a pitiful minority in the convention. The Cleveland candidate—Congressman O'Ferrell (who has since supported the administration construction of the Chicago platform by voting for the Wilson uncondition repeal bill) was nominated for Governor and the Chicago platform, meaning all thinks to all men, and nothing to definite to anybody, was readopted.

In the campaign between those who levy and those who pay tribute—the Virginia campaign will be the first important skirmish. The masses of the people in the old Dominion, students and followers of Washington and Jefferson have time and again recorded their votes in favor of gold and silver coinage, the money of the constitution framed by their patriot fathers. They are ready for revolt against this attempt by the modern Democracy to deliver them and their prosperity to the cruel hardships of a single gold standard, and a contracting currency. All that is needed to administer effective rebuke to the Tories of Virginia is organization amongst the patriots. This can only be accomplished by thorough discussion, and agitation. The State committee of the People's party is doing splendid work according to its limited means. It must have money withwhich to defray the expenses of thespeakers at public meetinges. and distributing campaign literature. A few of the Senators and representatives can and will give all the time that can be properly spared from their public duties at Washington to the campaign, without expense to the committee, but others are ready to help, and their proper expenses must be paid. Our people in Virginia are poor. The active members of the party in the State are unable to bear these extra expenses. They are entitled to the assistance of friends throughout the Union. Let each friend devote such amount, however small, as he or she can spare for this important contest, and send the same to Mr. C. H. Pierson, chairman, care of Virginia Sun, Richmond, Virginia. Every penny will be expended legitimately in the cause of the people. Let there be no delay in giving. The maxim. "He gives twice who gives quickly" is directly applicable.

You will appreciate the importance of this election when reminded that all State officers, and a legislature which elects a United States Senator and Judges of the Court are to be chosen.

Wm. Allen, Nebraska, James Kyle, of S. Dakota, Wm. Peffer, of Kansas, Senators, Lafe Pence, of Colorado, John C. Bell, of Krnsas, Jerry Simpson, of Kansas, John Davis, of Kansas, William Baker, of Kansas, Wm. A. Harris, of Kansas, Thos. J. Hudson, of Kansas, Omer M. Keen, of Nebraska, Holdon E. Boen, of Minnesota, Representatives.

CULTIVATING THE MUSE.

Poet: I have here some verses I would like to submit; perhaps they want fire.

Editor: You are quite right, sir; fire is what they want, but the waste basket will do just as well.

NO COMPROMISE.

[Continued from first page.]

the most godless, merciless money power that ever cursed a free people. Political "evolution" has brought us to the diguity of a dictator, and the "cowardly makeshifts" of Democratic policies have furnished the opportunity.

HOW WILL IT END?

It can have but one end Democrats who desert the peoples cause now will flock to the administration standard. The result will be the organization of a political force in this country that means war of extermination between the classes and the masses. The final outcome will be that the one man power with the classes behind it will be swept from the face of the earth.

WHAT WE SEE TO-DAY.

Will never again happen in this country, unless all the signs of the coming revolution among the people are cruel lies. This country will never again see its public policies made and controlled by the distribution of political patronage. It will never see another Cromwell in the Presidents office, with a cowardly, subservient congress at his feet. Silver may be dead—it is dead—So far as dictator Cleveland and his servile Democratic majority can destroy it, but the people thank God, are biding their time. They live. Long live the people.

JONOTHAN EDWARDS.

ANOTHER POUNDING.

DEAR BRO. BUTLER.—The good people about Mt. Pleasant church, are not going to be behind in good deeds, and the administration of justice. They heard that the good brethren about Shiloh Church, had pounded us; so on last Saturday the 7th, inst. they fell into line, and pounded us with about a one horse load of good things, just such as a preacher and his family need. I wish through THE CAUCASIAN, to thank the dear brethren for the many good things they pounded us with. Prior to this, I served them as their Pastor for three years in succession, and no doubt would be their Pastor today but for Democratic trickery in church as well as in State. I can never tell those dear brethren how much I appreciate this inmistakable evidence of their high appreciation and love for thesr exPastor. One of the Apostles says: "My little children, let us not love in word, but in dead and in truth." Dear brethren such poundings as you have given men, is "Loving imdeed and in truth." May God bless you all, and help you to fully realize that it is "more blessed to give than to receive."

GEO. E. HUNT.

Sept. 13th 1893.

"GROSS ABUSES"

That are Bringing Contempt and Ruin Upon a Dishonored Party—The Populist Party Better Than the Ballot Box Stuffing Democratic Party.

[Wilmington Messenger, May, 1893.]

We take leave just here to reiterate our well considered, honest opinion that North Carolina now stands very much in need of a good Election Law—the Australian or some other. Gross abuses have crept in that are dishonoring to the party and will bring contempt and ruin upon it if persisted it. We know educated, able, high-toned gentlemen who are unswervingly Democratic, who would prefer the triumph of the Third party to the triumph of the Democracy by resorting to low, dangerous, destructive methods at the ballot-box. They have said so in our hearing. They believe that Third partyism is a less evil than ballot abuses. Let us have reform here." (tf.)

"John Sherman a patriot."
—New York World.

CLIMBING UP! CLIMBING UP!!

The circulation of THE CAUCASIAN is climbing up daily. But we want it to climb faster and higher still. Now is the time to work. Let every reformer consider it his duty to help get the paper into the hands of the people. Get up clubs. Every one can help.

TO MAJ. J. S. HINES PRESIDENT OF KENERS UNION, SAMPSON COUNTY.

DEAR SIR AND BRO.—Permit me through THE CAUCASIAN to inform you that Col. Harry Skinner has kindly accepted your invitation to address Kener Union at Goshen Academy on 1st Friday of October.

We hope to see Friendship, Crows, Franchise, Turkeys, Thunder Swamp Mill Creek with their non-Alliance friends avail themselvs of this opportunity to hear this wonderful speaker.

Yours fraternally.

H. J. FAISON.

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO.,
Toledo, O.

☞ Sold by Druggists, 75c.

FREE. We will send this elegant solid gold front gent's initial heart Pin or ladies' Bonnet Pin, which is two inches long, Free to each and every person who cuts out this advertisement and sends it to us, stating which letter is wanted. Address Lyon & Co., 48 Bond Street, New York.

A YOUNG GIRL'S FIGHT

AN INTERESTING SKETCH.

Nothing appeals so strongly to a mother's affection as her daughter just budding into womanhood. Following is the story of a young daughter, Blanche, now in her 16th year, who has been terribly afflicted with Nervousness, but who had lost the entire use of her right arm. Her case was in such a condition that we had to withdraw her from school and abandon all hope of her ever using it. We feared St. Vitus Dance. In fact, we feared St. Vitus Dance, and we are positive but for an invaluable remedy, which she would have had that terrible affliction. We had employed physicians, but they were of no benefit from them. The first of the year (1892) she weighed but 75 pounds, and her mother has taken only three bottles of Dr. Miles' Nervine and now weighs 106 pounds; her nervousness and all symptoms of St. Vitus dance are entirely gone, she attends school regularly, and writes with comfort and ease. She has regained the entire use of her arm, her appetite is splendid, and no money could procure for our daughter the good health Dr. Miles' Nervine has brought her.

When my brother recommended Dr. Miles' Nervine to me I had no faith in patent medicines and would not listen to him, but as a last resort he sent us a bottle, we began giving it to Blanche, and the effect was almost magical. I ate."—Mrs. R. R. Bullock, Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine is sold by druggists on a positive guarantee, or sent direct by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Ind., on receipt of price, $1 per bottle, 6 bottles for $5, express prepaid. It is free from opiates or dangerous drugs.

Sold by All Druggists. aug.

Richlands High School

43RD SESSION OPENS SEPT.

Richlands is a healthy little village of 200 inhabitants, society is good. Sale of intoxicating liquors prohibited. Four churches in the town. Board $6.00 to $8.00. Tuition $2.00 to $3.00, according to grade. Music will be taught. For further particulars address

T. T. JAMES, A. B.,
aug. 24—1m—2p.] Richlands, N. C.

For Sale, 915 Acres

I wish to sell my Buckhorn farm of 1 1-2 miles from Goldsboro, on the South side of Neuse river. It contains 500 acres cleared, well suited for every kind of small grain, corn and cotton, fruit and truck. It contains also 415 acres of timber land with every kind of timber except pine, with first-class mill. Any kind of stock raising land. The cleared land requires no fertilizer and only fence enough to enclose the wood land from the cleared. I will sell the whole, or in small tracts to suit purchasers. Will sell at low prices and on easy terms partly on reasonable time.

to W. T. FAIRCLOTH,
Goldsboro, N. C.

July 24, '93. [july27-

FREE AS AIR

sure, speedy and permanent cure for Constipation, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Headache, Constipation, Nervous Debility and Malaria. Write to-day. It will be sent you postpaid. Address, EGYPTIAN REMEDY CO., Box T 29 Park Row, New York.

Mention THE CAUCASIAN.
june1-3mos-ow

Kinsey Female Seminary

LAGRANGE, N. C.

A Boarding School for Girls and YOUNG LADIES.

FULL CORPS OF TEACHERS.

Literary, Art and Music Departments. Stenography, Typewriting and Bookkeeping taught in Business Department.

LOCATION HEALTHY.

State Chemist in examination of water says: I have probably examined a better sample.

☞ For catalogue giving full particulars write to

JOSEPH KINSEY, Prin.

☞ Diploma granted to young ladies finishing course of study.

julyl6

BURGAW HIGH SCHOOL

O. J. PETERSON, A. B., Principal.

Next Session Opens Sept. 4th.

Enrollment for First Session 88, an increase of 66 over the enrollment at beginning.

Eight counties represented. Tuition $1.50 per month. Tuition $1.50 according to grade. Music.

Write to the Principal for catalogue. may11-3m

READERS OF THE CAUCASIAN

Going to the World's Fair

IF YOU HAVE NOT ARRANGED FOR ACCOMMODATIONS.

Stop at the Louisiana

ONE DOLLAR PER DAY.

Headquarters for the People's Party Alliancemen, Free Silverites.

N. E. Cor. 71st & Seipp Ave.,

within two blocks of the Fair Grounds (South). Capt. C. A. Powell, well known in Populist and Alliance circles throughout the United States, manages this hotel and will promptly and truthfully answer inquiries as to terms and rates. You can stop at this hotel without the fear of extra charges. Send for a certificate in advance, good for 10 days' board.

HOW TO REACH THIS HOTEL.

When you arrive in Chicago, get off at the Lake Front, Van Buren Street station, and take an Illinois Central train (South Chicago) Suburban train. Then buy a ticket to PARKSIDE. It is only EAST TWO BLOCKS and you are there. see the LOUISIANA HOTEL. Do not bring trunks if you can avoid it. Nice rooms provided with good beds and spring beds. Large rooms with one, two and three double beds to accommodate parties at special RATES. Write C. A. POWELL, Prop., for particulars.

J. M. SELLERS, Manager.

Formerly Proprietor ALAMO HOUSE, Colorado Springs, Col.

Mention this paper. july6-10

NG GIRL'S FORTUNE

NTERESTING SKETCH.

appeals so strongly to a brother's
s her daughter just budding into
d. Following is an instance: Miss
Blanche, now 19 years of age,
ly afflicted with nervousness. The
e entire use of her right arm. She
n a condition that we had to take
chool and abandon her music. At
st, we feared St. Vitus dance, as
e but for an invaluable remedy
have had that terrible affliction
ployed physicians, but she received
from them. The first of last August
d but 75 pounds, and although she
only three bottles of Nervine and
196 pounds; her nervousness and
of St. Vitus dance are entirely gone.
school regularly, and studies hard
d case. She has recovered complete
rm, her appetite is splendid, and
ould procure for our daughter
Miles' Nervine has brought her.
brother recommended the remedy
o faith in patent medicines, but
sten to him, but as a last resort
a bottle, we began giving it,
d the effect was almost magical.
R. K. Bullock, Brighton, Ind.
Restorative Nervine is sold by
n a positive guarantee, or sent
e Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart,
ceipt of price, $1 per bottle, or
5, express prepaid. It is positively
plates or dangerous drugs.

All Druggists. aug. 10-4w

lands High School.

SION OPENS SEPT. 4, 1893

nds is a healthy little village
habitants, society is good,
ntoxicating liquors forbidden
ur churches in the village.
00 to $8.00. Tuition $1.00
according to grade. Music
ught. For further particulars
ress
T. JAMES, A. B., PRIN.,
-1m-2p.] Richlands, N. C.

Sale, 915 Acres

to sell my Buckhorn Farm
es from Goldsboro, N. C.
outh side of Neuse river.
ns 500 acres cleared land,
r every kind of small grain,
cotton, fruit and trucking.
s also 415 acres of wood
every kind of timber on
with first-class range for
of stock raising. The
and requires no ditching.
fence enough to separate
land from the cleared.
the whole, or in small
suit purchasers. I will sell
prices and on easy terms
reasonable time. Apply
W. T. FAIRCLOTH,
Goldsboro, N. C.
4, '93. [july27-2mos.

AS AIR

A trial package of the Best Remedy in the world for Asthma sent free. Immediate relief and permanent cure for Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation, Rheumatism, Nervous Debility and Consumption. Write to-day. It will be sent free by address, EGYPTIAN DRUG CO., 29 Park Row, New York.
THE CAUCASIAN.
june1-3mos-cow-2p.

Female Seminary,

AGRANGE, N. C.
ling School for GIRLS and
LADIES.
CORPS OF TEACHERS.
Art and Music Department
hy, Typewriting and Book-
ught in Business Department.

ATION HEALTHY.
mist in examination of water.
I have probably never seen
better sample.
catalogue giving full particulars
rite to
SEPH KINSEY, Principal.
loma granted to young ladies
ing course of study.
july13-tf-2p

AW HIGH SCHOOL,

ERSON, A. B., PRINCIPAL.
sion Opens Sept. 4th, 1893.
ent for First Session ten
rease of 66 over the enrollment
eginning.
ounties represented. Board
nth. Tuition $1.25 to $3.00
to grade. Music $2.50.
o the Principal for Catalogue.
may11-5ms—2p.

S OF THE CAUCASIAN

to the World's Fair

AVE NOT ARRANGED FOR
ACCOMMODATIONS.

the Louisiana Hotel

DOLLAR PER DAY.
ters for the People. Popular
Ancemen, Free Silverites
71st & Seipp Ave. Chicago
blocks of the Fair Grounds.
Capt. C. A. Power, known
ist and Alliance circles
t the United States, is with
and will promptly attend
answer inquiries for rooms.
You can stop at this hotel
he fear of extortion.
Send for a certificate and
good for 10 days' lodging.

REACH THIS HOTEL

ou arrive in Chicago, Fifth
Front, Van Buren St. Depot,
take an Illinois Central
icago) Suburban train and
et to PARKSIDE. LOOK
TO BLOCKS and you will
OUISIANA HOTEL. You
ks if you can avoid it. All
vided with good double
s. Large rooms will have
three double beds TO A
E PARTIES AT SPECIAL
rite C. A. POWER, Agent.
lars.

SELLERS, Manager.

Proprietor ALAMO HOTEL,
Colorado Springs, Col.
this paper.
july6-10t—

THE CAUCASIAN.

GOLDSBORO, N. C., SEPT. 21, '93.

WAYNE COUNTY.

WATCH FOR THE BLUE CROSS

A blue cross opposite your name means that your subscription will expire before the end of the month; and if you desire the paper go to you any longer you must send in your renewal by that time. The low price of the paper makes it JUST OUT OF THE QUESTION to send it longer than it is paid for. Be governed accordingly.

Mr. J. R. Starling leaves for New Berne on Thursday to represent the National Garment cutting Co. Mr. Starling is well known in this community and is perfectly reliable. The business he represents is highly endorsed by those who have taken lessons. We wish him success in his interprise.

Our Editor in Chief has returned from a three weeks trip of business and pleasure. He attended a meeting of the Reform press Association, took in the Worlds fair, called and took a look at Congress, and returned to his post of duty on Thuesday, and has settled down to business. Mrs. Butler is with him, they will make Goldsboro their home.

Superior Court has been in session now near two weeks, and while Judge Shufford has been quite unwell part of the time he has dispatched business in such away as to call forth the remark of many: "He is the best Judge we have had on the bench since Judge Walter Clark held court." The Judge is full of push and takes the right view of the matter, that courts are expensive and therefore there should be no killing of time by them. We do not know the number, but the pen and the county road force have quite a number of recruits.

Remember the excursion to be run by Messrs. Daniels & Pipkin from Goldsboro to Richmond on the 27th inst., leaving hear at 7 o'clock in the morning, and if you ever intend visiting Richmond now is your time. The fare for the round trip is $2.75, only, not one-fourth of what it would cost you to go at any other time, except Bob and Ada should conclude to run another, and they will hardly do that, this season at least. They should receive patronage for it is only through them and the like of them that a poor man can ever do much traveling on a railroad. Avail yourselves of this opportunity and make the trip, you will find it a pleasant one. Be on hand at 7 o'clock.

The Colored Camp Meeting at Sandy plains is still progressing, they preach day and night and the services are well attended by both white and colored. The crowd last Sunday was estimated at from 3000 to 5000. We did not go, but hearn that the serviee in the evening conducted by Parson Wellon and at night by Porson Dillon were very creditable. We were out and heard the opening sermon the first Sunday preached by the Rev. Mr. Gergainus, He took for his text the command given to Moses at the Red Sea, "Speak to the people that they move forward." He told his heatere that the church must progress that if the world was saved for Christ that the church must go forward, altogether it was a fine effort. He had the undevided attention of his congregation and calleo forth the hearty Amens of many a good old brother and sister.

Henry S. Cochran, cheif weigher at the Phila. Mint has been arrested for stealing $28,000 in gold bullion, they call it embezzelment. He was given a hearing and held to bail in the sum of $30,000. See the effect of legislation against silver and in favor gold. Gold is made so precious that it is eagerly sought after, so much so that the chief weigher a venerable and trusted old man cannot resist the temptation and inclination to get all he can. Why not debase it and make it like silver not worth stealing, and thus remove the temptation to get all you can lay your hands on. The old man is a thief, no doubt of that and should be put where he cannot knock down any more of the stuff. But it is so precious that the temptation is great you know.

THE CAPITOL CENTENNIAL.

Last Monday was a hundred years since the corner stone of the Nation Capital at Washington was laid by that Master Mason, George Washington. The hundredth anniversary of the event was celebrated Monday by a parade down Pennsylvania avenue and speech making in front of the Capitol. Pres. Cleveland was master of ceremonies and Hon Wm Wirt Henry, of Virginia grandson of Patrick Henry was orator yesterday. But strange to say the Masonic organization was not represented. This was due to the action of some of the managers of the celebration in Washington.

Whenever one of the partisan papers is unable to answer the arguments of THE CAUCASIAN it squeals "Miss Mary Ann!" We always know we have got the hypocrites down when they resort to this. Some fools are very amusing.

EXPERTS.

It has often occured to the writer that the law allowing extra pay to expert witnesses in criminal action was altogether wrong. It is true men have to pay extra to fit and qualify themselves for experts, for instance a doctor has to attend College and pay for his extra education, but when it comes to testifying in a criminal action where the good of the country is at stake they should be required to tell what they know and get the same pay for it any other citizen would get. And by the way we have heard expert testimony given in by men who were paid $5.00 or $10.00 in addition to the same pay that other witnesses got tnat we thought sounded rediculous. For instance when an expert goes on the stand and swears that a buzzard finds carron alone by sight and gets an expert fee for such testimony it strikes us that witneses is a poor expert. It is against common sense and all reason. Does not anybody know that a buzzard will scent carron for miles and find a dead hog or chicken under a barn or even a corps in a house—could he see it? No it is nonsense.

ALLIANCE SPEAKING.

Bro. J. T. B. Hoover will address the brethern at the following places on the days named in behalf of the Business Agency of the State Alliance:

MADISON COUNTY.

Laurel Fork (near Marshall,	September 21.
Bull Creek Church,	Sept. 22.
Mars Hill,	Sept. 23.
——,	Sept. 25.

MITCHELL COUNTY.

Spruce Pine,	Sept. 29, 11 a. m.
Bear Creek,	" 30, 11 a. m.
Bakersville,	Oct. 2, 11 a. m.
Elsie,	" 3, 11 a. m.

WAUTAUGA COUNTY.

Valle Crucis,	Oct. 4.
Hattie,	" 5.
Zionville,	" 6.
Elk Knob Academy,	" 7.
Boone,	" 9.

The County Lecturer will be with Bro. Hoover at each of the above places.

Sample of Shoes, clothes, etc, will be shown, and the benefits to be derived by the purchase of supplies, especially guanos, through the agency, will be fully explained. Only four appointments in each county. Let those near the places of speaking attend. Speaking at 11 o' clock a. m. Other appointments will follow.

Fraternally
W. H. WORTH, S. B. A.

WANTED.

A first-class workman to repair an old political issue which has passed through twenty years of storm and strife. Said issue has greatly shrunk in size since its last active service, and if it can not be inflated it will be worthless. It also needs a fresh coat of paint, a new cover, and will probably have to be entirely remodeled. Must be ready for use by Sept. 1st, 1894. Address,

WM. C. WHITNEY,
Manager Goldbug Combine.

P. S. Democrats and Republicans (if you are the right kind) stand on the same footing with us. (tf.)

Mr. Fogg—You should remember, my son, that there is nothing attained without labor. You need not expect to get something for nothing. Tommy—I get lots of lickin's for nothin', anyhow.—Indianapolis Journal.

THE ROBBER TARIFF.

On August 30th, the Democratic party had been in power twenty-five weeks. During that time (according to ante-election statements) the "culminating atrocity" has robbed us of just $316,538,450. This must be charged up to them as they are in complete control and could, ere this, have wiped out every vestige of the "McKinley monstrosity." We propose to keep tab on this weekly, adding $13,461,538. Just watch how it grows and show the result to your democratic neighbor.—Dakota Ruralist. (tf.)

PATRIOTIC NEWS BUREAU, 31 B STREET SOUTHEAST.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,
September 18, 1893.

The point in the present fight in the Senate is this: If the Sherman law is unconditionally repealed, for at least four years, there will not be a dollar added to our currency, but on the other hand there be a contraction by shipments, abrasion, etc., for Mr, Cleveland will most certainly veto any bill to coin silver that Congress may hereafter pass while he is President. On the other hand, if the Sherman act remains, there will be an increase of nearly $50,000,000 a year, and if any recognition of silver in any form is to be had, it must be contained in the same act that repeals the Sherman act, for if presented in a separate bill, it will most surely be vetoed. Hence, an unconditional repeal of the Sherman act means the stoppage of all coinage of silver, a gradual contraction of the currency, slowly decreasing prices of all commodities and harder times. If there is a complete stoppage of coinage of silver in this country and India for four years there will be no market for silver bullion aside from its use in the mechanic arts, and the price will fall to 30 or 40 cents per ounce. That will close every silver mine in seven States and Territories. The inhabitants of those Stotes cannot exist there for four years with the mines closed.

Before the four years are ended they will be mostly uninhabited deserts and one-third of the territory of the United States will return to its native wildness. Is there any wonder that every means known to human ingenuity will be resorted to to prevent such a catastrophe? Or that Senator Pugh, of Alabama, should use language like the following:?

"It is the determined and unalterable purpose of the opponents of repeal to stand upon their convictions of public duty and fidelity to their pledges to the people whom they represent, and who have honored them with their confidence on this vital question, until physical strength is exhausted and the power of speech is left to no Senator to prevent the success of the conspiracy denounced by John G. Carlisle as equal in its consequence to war, pestilence, or famie."

Of course Senator Pugh has no interest in mines or silver bullion, but he knows that a further contraction of the volume of money means still lower prices for every product of the farmers and planters of his State and in the end general poverty, and he stands up to defend the hearths and homes of his constituents.

The present silver law is the last line of defense for bimetallism; if this is abandoned, all is lost.

This the silver Senators understand and will therefore fight to the last against unconditional repeal. The great body of the people are with them, but they are not heard.

A small fraction of the whole population representing the banks and foreign bond holders keep up the clamor for repeal. They are heard continually.

Why do not the producing classes, farmers, the planters, the laborers, raise their voices through petitions, letters and resolutions, in support of the Senators who are making so gallant a fight for them

Senator Pugh, of Alabama, made an able speech in the Senate the other day against unconditional repeal. It was one of the soundest arguments that have been made in the course of the debate.

He declared that "This struggle for bimetallism on the basis of free coinage will never end by submission to the gold standard as long as ours is a free representative Government. The faithful friends of free coinage may be cheated in platforms * * * but they will never again be misled and deceived by those who betray them in the impending emergency."

He argued that if those who favored repeal intended in good faith to follow repeal with a free coinage act, or a compromise measure, they would be willing to couple it with repeal. The fact that they are not willing to do this shows conclusively that they do not intend to restore bimetallism, but, on the contrary, to fasten upon us the single gold standard. Will the people submit to it?

The real question involved in the contest now going on in the Senate is whether we shall issue bonds and borrow our money from England or coin it from gold and silver from our own mines. Shall eur financial system be American or British?

The threatened raid on Washington by the board of trade, came on Tuesday, the twelfth, but instead of being 1,500 or 2,000 of them as had been advertised there was just 175, all told. They said they didn't come to discuss the question, but to tell the Senate what to do and to do it quick. There was one hour given the Denver board of trade, however, to present their side of the case, then they passed their resolutions and went off, leaving a lobby behind to look after their interests. They did not say much in convention, but what they did say showed them to be more ignorant of political economy than anybody who ever assembled in the United States. Even the chalrman said that an in crease in the currency would not raise prices and there is hardly a school boy in the United States but knows more than that.

It is frequently stated in speeches and in newspapers that we have the largest volume of money we ever had. This is far from being true. The real effective money volume is not one-third what it was at the end of the war, it is true, however, that the present "currency famine" is due largely to the drawing down of the reserves and the consequent extinguishment of bank credits or "confidence money." The bottom cause of all this is the change in the the money standard from gold and silver to gold alone, and the consequent shrinkage in prices. This shrinkage too will go on as long as gold increases in value, and that will be till it is restored to its old place as a money metal and made to do part of the work of gold.

The greatest event so far of the present extra session was the speech on Thursday, of Senator Daniel, of Virginia. He spoke for four hours and a half and for all that time a full Senate, except a few radical Republicans from the Eastern States who were in the cloak rooms hobnobbing with John Sherman, sat with eyes fixed upon the orator from Virginia.

This speech is beyond description. It was eloquent, it was logical, it was convincing, and it was more than all that. For when fifty or sixty gray-haired old Senators sit for for four hours and a half, scarcely moving, with their eyes fixed upon a man, he is saying something all that time that is commanding the attention of the brightest intellects in this Nation.

Senator Daniel told the Senators from the northwest that he had not forgotten their service to humanity when they defeated the Force Bill. He covered almost the whole field of economies and showed himself master of it. He made a defense of the free coinage of both metals which will stand unaswered while this government endures.

Every reply he made to the assertions of the gold standard defenders was just as convincing as what he said to Edward Atkinson, in reply to the statement that the only honest dollar must be made of a metal, the bullion value of which was equal to its coinage value. Mr. Daniel said: "You strike a silver dollar with a hammer and you knock the dollar out of it It is no longer a dollar, what is left is bullion. The same is true of the gold dollar, but the the government will take that gold bullion and at the expense of the people, recoin it, put the dollar back again. But the bullion that is left after the dollar is knocked out of the silver is pig metal. The government will not put the dollar back, and in this and this alone lies the cause of the difference in the price of silver and gold bullion."

FROM THE PULPIT.

Two of New York's Christian Disciples Talk Plainly Upon a Burning Question.

Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., has been preaching a series of sermons upon the wickedness of New York at the Young Men's Christian association rooms in New York city. The general title of the sermons was "The Gates of Hell In Modern Babylon." The theme for the seventh sermon was "The Curse of Poverty In the Modern City." Among other things he said:

The poverty of the city is an open door to the deepest hell, and through it daily crowd countless thousands, because poverty in the city means loss of a home. There is no home life among the poor of the great city. The word home is stricken from the language of man. The poor live in a den. They exist in a tenement, and the tenement life with its attendant horrors is constantly on the increase in our great cities. In New York city it has swallowed up all the other life practically. The tenement has, like a huge monster, devoured the home.

One million three hundred thousand people in this city exist in second and third class tenements. This constitutes the people. To every so called house in the city of New York there is an average of 19 dwellers. London averages seven. In what is known as the tenement house district there are no fewer than 276,000 families packed together. In this quarter it goes without saying that the death rate reaches its most horrible height, and public morality touches a depth of degradation before which philanthropists and Christians and evangelists stand aghast. Poverty and disease and crime are the portion of these people.

How hundreds and thousands of people in the cities, with their wages, can keep from stealing is a miracle. People are entitled to bread. A man is certainly entitled to existence. He is entitled to bread to eat. He is entitled to enough clothes to keep him from freezing. He is entitled to a house to cover his head, and he has a right to work. But these things are denied hundreds and thousands of people today in the city. A woman was discovered the other day who had starved to death. Men commit crime daily that they may get the comforts of a penitentiary, the luxury of a stay on Blackwell's island.

Our statisticians tell us that 20,000 children work in the great city of New York, but those who know the facts tell us that in the great city of New York alone there are 100,000 little pinched forms that work for daily bread and are glad to get work—work at the period when children must grow or die. Their little faces are pinched and shriveled and wrinkled until they are an army of little old men and women, to look into whose pinched faces is enough to draw the tears from a heart of a stone. What wonderful little creatures many of them are! They never complain—they take it as a matter of course.

Such poverty is necessarily the mother of despair—despair grim and sullen and stupefying. The man who fights with hunger becomes an animal. Is it not better to die a man than to die a brute? Shall these desperate people reason? Suicide becomes a luxury. The death of a child under such conditions is a joy, not a sorrow. They are gathered to the potter's field, but they rest.

On a recent Sunday morning Father Thomas J. Ducey of St. Leo's Roman Catholio church, New York, took for his subject these words: "No murderer shall enter the kingdom of heaven." He compared capitalists who force their employees to work for small wages to murderers and said that the contribution of their blood money for charitable purposes could not compensate for the wickedness of grinding down the poor. Continuing he said:

There is no place in heaven for those millionaires who have no compassion for their fellow men in starvation. The vanity of women and the thirst of men for wealth have created the conditions of the present age, and a revolution is imminent. Justice cannot be much longer delayed. The human race is dying out today on account of the vanity of women and the pride of men. They fear to see their families grow too large lest they might thereby lose some of their power and prestige, and the greatest of social sins is daily growing to be more common. What can be more foul than this, and I declare to you that no murderers shall enter into the kingdom of heaven.

Not only is this sin being daily committed, but poor, struggling women are being constantly ground into a state of poverty by unscrupulous and designing millionaires that they may be forced into the great army of dissolute women.

We cannot serve God, no matter to what religious denomination we belong, if we do not have justice, and there can be no justice where grasping, grinding capital takes advantage of distress and poverty to make the labor of millions contribute still more to the piling up of wealth in the hands of a few. It is murder! The wealthy man who disregards the distress of his brother commits more than the individual murderer. He commits a crime against society. Such a man may be a true husband and faithful father, but he cannot hope to enter into heaven.

Many a millionaire in our city employs men at $7 a week and expects them to support a family on the pittance. Yet that millionaire expects to enter heaven. It is a living lie! It is the murder of our brethren, and "no murderer shall enter the kingdom of heaven."

A French Delegate.

Victor Delahaye has been delegated by the trades unions of France to visit the World's fair in their interest. He will also investigate the form of organization and methods of the American Federation of Labor and has asked the co-operation of the officers of that body in his work. Mr. Delahaye visited this country in the summer of 1888 as the representative of the French government, being selected upon the recommendation of the Machinists' union, to investigate our methods of manufacturing textile machinery. He is a man of wide information upon economic topics and stands in the front rank of the French labor movement.

Milk at Cost For the Poor.

Nathan Strauss of New York city, who last winter established coalyards in the city where the poor could get coal in small quantities at cost ton rates and receive full weight, has just opened a milk depot with the same idea in view. At the milk depot started on the east side by Mr. Strauss pure milk is furnished at 2 cents per pint. Arrangements have been made for furnishing 16,000 quarts per day, but this will be increased if necessary. The milk comes from an Orange county farm, which was visited by Mr. Strauss' manager and a veterinary surgeon, detailed by the health department, before the contract was made.

Modern Powder Puffs.

The world used to say that all American women powdered, just as they say now that they smoke cigarettes. In the old days there was a bottle stuck in some corner of her bedroom, with a more or less soiled stiff rag hanging on the cork, which was called into service just before a start was made for a shopping or calling tour. It was a sort of a wipe and promise, and the services of several good natured women friends were required along the way to remove the extraneous lumps of dried powder which would naturally be caught in prominent parts of the face or sunk into pet dimples.

But today to make up a face properly is to master an art having elementary rules as exact as those of a science. Perhaps a woman's glass tells her nature was not as lavish as it might have been, or the information may come from equally frank friends. At any rate she is either engaged in a fair encounter with nature or in a war of fortification against time's siege. The old white powder has been superseded by brunette, blond powder and natural complexion powder, all of which are used by direction of the druggist, who tells the expectant fair one exactly what powder will give a fair imitation of what has been or should be. The eyebrow pencil overcomes deficiencies in the eyebrows, and only a trained eye can detect the assumption of reality.—Philadelphia Times.

Cardinal Gibbons' Movements.

BALTIMORE, Aug. 28.—Cardinal Gibbons passed last week in spirtual retreat with the priests of the dioceses of Baltimore and Delaware in St. Mary's seminary of St. Sulpice, this city. At the close of the retreat on Saturday, the cardinal immediately left for Ilchester, where there will be three days of ordination services. Upon his return to the city it will be necessary for the cardinal to make a quick departure for Chicago, where on Monday, Sept. 4, his eminence will open the Catholic congress.

LITTLE THINGS.

They Bring Out the Perfection of Our Whole Lives.

To put the best of ourselves into the small ways and words of every day is the necessary and only way to bring out the perfection of our whole lives. It is good to feel keenly the dignity and importance of each word and deed, because each contributes to the perfection of the grand whole, of the working out of the ideal we are striving for. It is good for us all to feel it in the smallest trifles of every day. It is particularly good for young people to feel it. What you do today, the way you do it, the motive with which you do it, are of immense consequence to you. They involve the meaning of your whole life.

If you were blocking out a statue, you could not afford to break off one bit of marble the wrong way, or even break it off haphazard, without some sense of what you were doing. You would not sew your new gown together at random or without a careful study of the proper joining of its parts to produce a desired effect. So you cannot afford to consider what you do or say today as "a trifle" or as "no difference," because it will make a difference in the whole.

It all makes a difference. It is the words and deeds of today that are making or marring the great result you are expected to produce by and by. You cannot afford to throw away the smallest chance to make the result perfect. The sooner you realize that everything makes a difference the better for that result.—Eleanor Kirk's Idea.

Artistic Electroplating.

For many years electroplaters have sought to evolve an effective process of electro deposition on a nonmetallic base. This endeavor was at length attended with partial success, but the process was accompanied with so much danger in consequence of the highly combustible nature of some of the agents employed that manufacturers did not care to run the risk of setting their premises on fire. A modification of the processes has been discovered by which this danger is avoided, and the invention is now pronounced to be one of the most important that has been introduced in the electroplate trade for many years.

The object to be dealt with, whether it be a sprig of natural holly or ivy, a bit of common hedge brier, a fern, a geranium leaf, Marguerite daisy, a terra cotta group, is submitted to the process, which is the inventor's secret. It next receives a deposit of copper, which renders it perfectly ductile and practically indestructible, and it is then ready to be either silvered or gilt by the ordinary process of electroplating. This invention comes from England, where it is being largely employed in ornamental work of various kinds. Some of the effects produced by it are said to be exquisitely beautiful.—New York Telegram.

Good Work For Idle Moments.

This is the season when kind hearted young ladies, and sometimes even little girls, get up entertainments for the benefit of fresh air funds. A cute little description of a doll's booth comes to us from California. A little bower was built of bamboo reeds, rattan withes and tea matting. The entire ornamentation of this was composed of dolls of all sizes and kinds. Cute little Eskimos were made from sheets of cotton wadding; Brownies from chamois, wire and old kid gloves. Tiny dolls, as big as your little finger, of bisque or other materials, were perched upon the walls and in every conceivable place. Grownup dollies occupied cunning seats of rattan; black Dinahs in appropriate attire served as the neatest of toy waiting maids, and Japanese dolls of all sizes and indistinguishable sex abounded.

For decorating a booth at a fair it is not generally known what artistic effects may be given by use of irregular widths of coffee bags and pieces of straw tea chest matting combined with colored cambrics and cheese cloth. The coarser fabrics may droop from the roof to define the walls and be raveled out in ragged fringe style. The matting serves as an excellent groundwork on which to paint various mottoes in huge gold letters.

Teach Children Patriotic Songs.

Mrs. Mary Lowe Dickinson is interested in a new society lately organized for the purpose of teaching patriotism. One wise woman years ago discovered the help of singing patriotic music in the home proved when her four boys were tired of the house, nervous or fretful. Mrs. Page says: "On a certain stormy afternoon my boys were wearing my patience threadbare. They fretted, were irritable and implored to be allowed to get out in the rain. A young friend came into my sitting room, opened the small cabinet organ, played a lively accompaniment, singing to it the 'Red, White and Blue.' Four cross little faces relaxed. Smiles replaced frowns, small fists beat a rat-tat-a-tat accompaniment upon the floor, and shrill boyish voices joined in the chorus. I looked into four happy little faces. I had discovered a future remedy for similar attacks of discontent and the reign of bad fairies."

Hospitality of the Rich.

A yacht in the fashionable world is like an opera box or your carriage—if you wish to pay a person an especial compliment send it to him or her for the afternoon.

The recipient makes up his party for the sail, and though your dinner is served aboard by your servants you need not be in evidence.

It is one of the many compensations of the rich that these gracious hospitalities are possible. A woman who owns a superb country residence never, on her summer trips to Europe, leaves it locked and deserted. Some friend to whom six weeks of this unruffled luxurious life is a boon is asked to take possession, and to take as well carte blanche for the entertainment of her friends if she be of a social nature.—New York Times.

A Suggestion For Gossiping Women.

Every woman has some talent. Develop it, no matter how humble it may seem, and in so doing derive genuine pleasure and benefit. Look at the many brilliant and noble women who have made names for themselves and are such an honor to our sex. Think you if they had stooped to gossip and to narrow views of people and things they would be where they are? Emulate their examples in keeping busy with good works and high ambitions, and the world will be better for your presence and your friends legion.—Han Hanlove Toby in Good Housekeeping.

A Mystery of Art Criticism.

Why is it that the press takes so much pains to describe the personal appearance of the female artists who have pictures in the art exhibit of the World's fair and says nothing of the pictures, while it says nothing of the personal appearance of the male artists, but describes their pictures?—St Paul Globe.

At a session of the senate committee on immigration recently an Italian banker of New York testified that the Italian residents of this country send to Italy about $20,000,000 a year.

A DOG'S "MEMORY."

How an Irish Setter Resented the Desertion of Her Master.

Belle was an Irish setter—all a fine dark brown color, with a white star on her breast. She had great, long silky brown ears and altogether was a beauty. Better than this, she was very knowing. And better still she was very faithful and affectionate. Her master seemed to love her greatly. He always fed her from his own hand on the daintiest of beefsteaks and chops, and big as she was always made her sleep on his own bed. After years of all this petting and coddling Belle's master determined to move away and leave the dog behind. Perhaps he hadn't talked about this in Belle's presence. Anyhow she had not understood about it, and when her master's last load of furniture had gone, and she was left alone in the empty house, she seemed to think it her duty to guard it. If a workman whom she knew well had not been with them, the persons who came to clean the house for the next comers would have had a hard time of it. For nearly four days Belle refused to leave the house, though very hungry and tempted with food.

Then she heard her friend Tommy telling another man how meanly she had been deserted, for her master was never coming back. With her handsome head laid upon her outstretched paws, with ears erect and eyes attentive, Belle heard it all. She slowly rose, and without turning to right or left marched out and across the fields to a house where she had often been before, and there took up her abode. Belle could not talk about it, but words could not have said more plainly that she now understood and resented the treatment she had received. She certainly must have understood Tommy's words just as a person would. It was a good while before she recovered her spirits, and a year later, when her master passed through the place, she absolutely refused to let him touch her. At the same time she jumped with joy at meeting another of the family.—New York Press.

Lodgings For Women.

The unsolved problem of woman's existence is, Where shall she live? For some curious and unexplained reason it is not considered proper for a woman who earns her own living to dwell by herself. She must either have somebody belonging to her or have a home with her relations, or must keep up an establishment which is often very far beyond her means, but which she maintains at untold sacrifice in order to appease the wrath of gossip which ever lies in wait by her path.

It is one of the most unfortunate phases of the present day woman's life that, while independent as far as ability to earn her own living is concerned, she is handicapped by a dread of Mrs. Grundy and her dear 500 friends. The problem of living was probably the first thing that drove the American woman into business. She wanted a home and the privilege of living in it unmolested and comfortable and set herself about to earn the wherewithal to provide it, but having done this she finds that she has added to her burdens in many respects without perceptibly lightening them in others.

As a matter of fact, she has assumed a man's responsibilities, but has not taken on with them any appreciable amount of individual independence as far as a home is concerned.

The problem in the largest cities is somewhat difficult to solve owing to the exceedingly high price of real estate. Rents are of course high, and any sort of apartment is expensive. Business women are waiting with no little anxiety for the apartment houses that were promised as the result of some club meetings of a year or so ago. The need of them is so imperative that it is to be hoped that we may soon see something more than newspaper comment on the subject.—New York Ledger.

The Canadian Exodus.

The exodus from Canada to the United States increases. Already there are a million of Canadians on the south of the line. Some villages in Quebec have lost a great part of their population. In Ontario almost all the towns and villages are stationary or going backward. The American consulate in Toronto has had little else to do during the past year than dispatch immigrants to the United States. In the city 5,000 houses are vacant, and though this is partly due to overspeculation in land and overbuilding it is also partly due to emigration. It was the president of a conservative association who said the other day that soon "the Americans would have all the men and we should have all the mud."

Toronto is the stronghold of British sentiment and of the Canadian protectionism which finds fervent love of the mother country available as a safeguard against American competition. Englishmen who visit Canada form their notions of Canadian sentiment from what they hear at Toronto or at Ottawa, which, as the official city, is of course the center of attachment to the existing system. If they went among the farmers, especially in the border counties, they might form a different estimate.—Goldwin Smith in Nineteenth Century.

An Incident at a Summer Resort.

Here I am, dear Vix, and more than ever convinced, too, that it takes all sorts of people to make a boarding house. One sort is conspicuous by its absence, for in the whole establishment resides nobody masculine.

The unique variety of women, however, does not lack interest or amusement. Miss Metz and Miss Stone sing charmingly, and two or three are excellent pianists. One dear old lady is very deaf, outspoken and honest, and another, Miss Holdup, has the proclivity, seldom feminine, of always wanting to borrow "just a dollar, my dear!" This evening Miss Holdup, approaching Mrs. Blake, said facetiously, "I didn't see you bathing today." Mrs. Blake, annoyed, replied quickly, "Don't bother me now; I haven't any change." Behold the moral! —Cor. New York Telegram.

Sound Precept.

One of the exhortations given by the archdeacon of London in his sermon on the royal marriage is decidedly much required. It is the duty, he said, of Christian women and men to "shield" the Duke and Duchess of York "from the malignant tongue of rumor, slander and gossip (which always gloats in being busy about the great) by steadily refusing to believe anything which may be said unless it is accompanied by distinct and indisputable proof." If the same duty were paid to all other persons in high position, what a large slice of the food on which society feeds would disappear! —Westminster Gazette.

A Sure Cure.

Anderson—My memory is getting weaker and weaker every day.

Biggs—I can give you a remedy.

"What is it?"

"Lend me $5."—Tit-Bits.

Unparalleled Consideration.

"I suppose he must have saved his life some time, Smith seems to feel under such obligations to him."

"It was more than that. He declined an invitation to visit Smith during the World's fair."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

AN OLD MAID'S LETTER.

A Fun Picture of Social and Loving Life at a Noted Summer Resort.

It may be that old maids are precluded in this contest. I am an old maid, for no fault of my own, goodness knows. I am also a Christian, yet kick rebelliously against my destiny. I am 43 years of age, well preserved or pickled (unappropriated hearts are apt to curdle).

It appears to be my fate to witness the billings and cooings of others. I encounter lovers every where. They are to me what a confectioner's window is to the beggar outside.

Last week there was a new arrival at our boarding house, a man, a minister. I am suited for a minister's wife. Denomination is immaterial (the goal is heaven, it matters not which road one goes by). Without appearing forward I put myself in this good man's way. I have had some pleasant chats with him and have aired my knowledge of church work. I think he dislikes to be so beset by so many vestal virgins (the number of old maids here is pathetic).

In self defense he has made known his celebatarian proclivities. His bride is the church. He is very bigoted. However, last evening, while on the piazza he drew his chair quite close to an attractive widow here. To say that he flirted would be an insult to his cloth.

I am down at the beach now alone. The tender glances I surprised him at rankled within me. To my left sit the inevitable lover and loved one under the shelter of a pongee umbrella. The breeze wafts their conversation to me.

He—Did you think it wicked to tell lies?

She—Depends (laughing softly).

He—When I told your sister yesterday that I was perfectly cured, I told a gigantic lie.

She—Yes (quietly).

He—Are you glad or sorry?

She—Glad. When I was well, I did not care to be cared for, but now that I am weak and ill I like some kind, patient person to be near me and look sorry when I am out of breath and in tiresome pain.

He—My darling, if I could only take your pain I would bear it without a murmur.

She—Oh, no, you would not. You cannot know what my pain is. How clear and blue your eyes are, how broad your shoulders; what a stalwart person you are altogether!

I clear my throat to acquaint them of my proximity. They look up.

"Bah!" says the girl; "it's only one of those old maids. Go on."

I have reached my boarding house now. There is an appearance of hubbub "Have you heard the news?" is the inquiry from half a dozen voices.

"No."

"The reverend has proposed to Mrs. L. and been accepted."

Umph!—Long Branch Cor. New York Telegram.

People Worthy of Help.

All the agitation in behalf of the Duke of Veragua reminds us that there are some people in the very midst of us who appear to be worthy of financial help. At this moment we have in mind old Dan Emmet, who at last accounts was sawing wood or doing some other kind of menial labor somewhere in Indiana—poor as poverty and too aged and infirm to hope of ever being able to provide against the future. It is this man who was the author and composer of "Dixie's Land," a song that is all but national. It is indeed regarded by most southerners as their national song. Surely there is no other music that will quicker set their hearts to beating and their eyes to flashing.

It strikes us as being inexpressibly sad that the author of a national air should be suffered to die in poverty and neglect. What a proper, appreciative, human thing it would be for the south to contribute by popular subscriptions to a fund for the support of old Dan Emmet! There can hardly be a nobler purpose than that of solacing and cheering the last days of one who has given to his countrymen that which in war and in peace, upon battlefields and at the hearthstone, serves as an inspiration to nobler thoughts and more patriotic endeavor.—Eugene Field in Chicago News-Record.

Dress Reform and Hot Weather.

The New Orleans Woman's club has been debating upon the subject of dress reform. It is a little singular that this idea seems to work with the greatest intensity in midsummer. Last season at Chautauqua the discussions were carried on with such zeal that the public at large felt that the matter would be settled at once. But it is still open.

The New Orleans ladies talked very hard, and there seemed as many opinions as speakers, which makes it rather difficult to get at the conclusion of the matter unless the expression of one woman that "dress reform must come through the fashion plates. Just as soon as the New York magazines and Paris fashion plates present these cuts as the latest styles, then dress reform will be adopted," may be taken as such.

As it probably is.—New York Times.

Schwatka and His Servant.

While in garrison at Fort Sheridan, S. D., Lieutenant Schwatka had an Irish servant whom he had taken from the ranks, and who, like his commanding officer and employer, was subject to occasional sprees. One morning after Schwatka had been sitting up with some visiting comrades he left orders with his servant that he should be promptly awakened at 9 o'clock. About noon the lieutenant arose without having been called, and opening the door leading from his bedroom to the dining room in the log quarters which he occupied discovered his servant lying dead drunk on the floor before him.

Schwatka raised him from the floor and shook him as a mastiff would a terrier, exclaiming to him: "You infernal scoundrel, don't you know that I ordered you to wake me at 9 o'clock? Here I find you drunk in violation of your agreement that you would never get under the influence of liquor while I was on a drunk." The Irishman straightened himself up for attention, saluted and replied:

"Yes, sor, but you niver give me no chance. You've kept me sober for three weeks by staying dhrunk yerself, ye have."

Schwatka forgave him.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Everlasting Faithfulness.

"Charley, dear," said the rustic young girl, "will you love me as now and cling to me always?"

"Yes, darling," replied the matter of

CHAPTER VII.

"Dry bayou! Dry bayou! Dry bayou!"

The words set themselves to the somewhat uneven tick-t-tock of the wheezy old clock on her mantel-shelf. She absently looked the clock in the face, and it made a wild suggestion to her. One of its long black rusty hands was pointing to the figure nine; the other was creeping steadily onward in the direction of the figure five. Fifteen minutes to five o'clock.

Why might not she explore Dry Bayou before dark? True, she was profoundly ignorant as to its whereabouts, and to inquire her way would not be practicable under the circumstances; but there could not possibly be any danger of really getting lost on the place.

There was no one to object nor to question her as she walked boldly down the long spiral stairway and out at the side-entrance, with nothing about her head and shoulders but a light woolen shawl, selected because of its subdued brown color, which would "mingle easily with the reddish brown of the tall sedge-grass."

She had calculated all the chances; Mrs. Lorimer was unfailingly due in the dairy at that time of day, Lorimer as unfailingly at the corn-crib, supervising the mule's evening meal; Dick and Rafe, her most devoted squires, were fortunately out at the landing, keeping watch and ward over a big shipment of cotton.

She drew her shawl closer about her shoulders as she passed from under the shelter of the portico. It was cooler than she had expected to find it, and there was a suggestion of rain in the raw autumn air. At a less excited moment, she would probably have turned back and given up her rash expedition, or else prepared herself for disagreeable possibilities with waterproof and umbrella.

She did neither. She pushed on as rapidly as possible; past the straggling negro cabins, whence the odor of frying bacon and weak coffee floated sickeningly to her disgusted nostrils; beyond the large wooden boundary-gate, which sagged so badly on its hinges that it required both her hands and all her strength to open it; out into the uncultivated parts of the place, where the dry rattling corn and cotton-stalks gave way to broad expanses of tall reddish sedge-grass which lined the clayey slopes, and made acceptable bits of color, in bright contrast with the vivid evergreen of the dwarf pines that soon closed her in from possible detection from the house.

She moved forward without any definite plan of action, or any defined course. Wherever she detected the slightest indication of a trodden path among the slippery pine needles, she followed it to its termination; perhaps it would end suddenly where a straggling growth of cane had tempted the hungry cattle into pleasant by-ways. She could hear the soft tinkle of cow-bells amidst the dense greenery of the cane that waved far above their horned heads and closed them in from sight. Perhaps it would end, in the most inconsequential fashion, in the midst of a clump of pines, over whose dwarfed heads she could see a chill pallid pink glow feebly painting the western sky.

With abrupt suddenness one of these blind leads began to descend. At her feet lay a ravine. Deep, deep downwards it extended, its ragged sides clothed with woodland growths of manifold sorts. Tall trees there were, vine-clad with ruddy-leaved creepers to their very apex, standing so far down in the ravine that their leafy crowns were on a level with her own unsheltered head. A tangled wilderness of shrubs and trees spread at her feet. She could hear sleepy birds twittering among the branches of the trees. She could see where the same tangled growth of vine, shrub and tree, that fell abruptly away from her where she stood on a grassy projection, climbed upward again as abruptly across an intervening space of perhaps fifty feet.

"This must be Dry bayou! And to think she never should have heard of it before!"

She came to a halt with her feet planted among the soft green mosses, while the red-brown plumes of the sedge-grass waved closely about her slender shoulders. It was very still out there. "Solemnly beautiful," she called it. The soft gray twilight enwrapped the earth earlier there than elsewhere. Stretching at her feet was a narrow but distinct trail. She shrank from the descent. It was late. It would be no pleasant thing to lose one's self down there among those bosky shadows.

Close to her, so close that she could have leaned against its trunk had she been so minded, stood an oak tree whose life current had been sapped by the usurping mistletoe that clothed the gray dead branches with clusters of living green. A mocking bird fluttered across the shadowy ravine, and, lighting upon a mistletoe bough, woke the echoes with his varied melody. John's wife pushed the damp hair that was clinging to her temples back behind her small ears, with a gesture of impatience that was linked to pain.

The mocking bird was calling to his mate. Where was the wanderer? The plaintive note of a wood pigeon floated up to her from the shadowy recesses of Dry Bayou. It furnished a dulcet minor to the mocking bird's clear notes. It struck a responsive chord in the excited fancy of that lonely listener there among the russet grasses.

"She is lonely, that unseen dove! So am I! Oh! John, so am I!" She laughed hysterically at what she called, in audible tones, a wild foolish fancy begotten of the hour and the place. Her moods were as variant as the notes of the mocking bird still shrilling his love song under the mistletoe bough. With a sudden outflinging of her arms, she called aloud: "John! John Lorimer! Husband! Where are you, John?"

The mocking bird hushed his whistling and flew away, startled. Only the far off tinkling of a cow bell and the nearer plaintive moan of the wood pigeon broke the deathlike stillness. Her excited nerves were not soothed by nature's pliant mood. She stamped her foot passionately, crying aloud: "A sweet, wild trysting place for a saint and a married man! I abhor myself! I abhor him!"

Then reason itself seemed to fly away startled, as the mocking bird had done, and left John's wife standing there, a quivering, wonder-struck, passion-swayed woman, no longer capable of rational action or thought.

Two moving objects had come upon the still landscape, across the narrow ravine, blurring and blotting out all the beauty of it for Nora Lorimer.

From her colgne of vantage she could plainly discern John's tall, muscular figure in its garb of drab corduroy. He was slightly in advance of his companion—a woman, well muffled in hood and gossamer, better guarded against the chill autumnal air than poor little Nora had thought to guard herself.

John trudged fearlessly and surefootedly down the crooked, winding trail on the opposite side of the ravine. His companion followed more timorously. At a certain spot Nora saw her husband hesitate, then with a long stride he stepped across a wide crevice in the brown earth. He turned towards his companion with both hands outstretched. She could hear him ask, in a clear, high voice, full of encouragement:

"Dare you venture the leap?"

"With your help, yes," came back to him confidingly.

He held out his hands. She stretched hers to his across the narrow gulf. Their hands joined; for a moment the tall slight form swayed uncertainly, then they were together once more. Nora could see it all—the hands clasped so tightly, the fearless leap, the moment of close contact, when it seemed to her that John stood there before her very eyes, clasping that other woman, that saint, Ida Fairbanks, tenderly to his bosom.

The next moment their hands fell apart, and in the same order as before, he leading fearlessly, she following confidingly, they passed beyond her range of vision, and were swallowed up by the shadows.

After they had disappeared, Nora came out from behind her screen of sedges and looked about in uncertainty for half a second. What if she should meet them face to face on her homeward walk! Anything but that. She would not know how to behave in such a case.

She turned her face toward the bayou. The shadows were growing blacker, the silence denser. No matter. There she would be secure from the one real danger in life—the danger of meeting her husband and Ida Fairbanks walking alone in the gloaming.

She plunged downward, along the narrow trail, rapidly, heedlessly, recklessly. The brambles caught her garments and rent them. The thorns crowned her of their own cruel will. Wide cracks yawned in the ground at her feet. "Without his aid," she said, laughing hysterically, and bounded across each like a deer. Now she was in the bed of the dry bayou! Dark tree-lined walls climbed upward on both sides of her, far, far—interminably. She had turned and twisted about so sinuously among the scraggy bushes and the thick trees that she had grown bewildered. Which of these upward-climbing trails ought she to take to get back to Ninette? Only to Ninette. There was no one else she cared to go back to in all the wide world. One of them she must take. She could not spend the night there, where every rustle among the dry twigs conjured up the slimy convolutions of a rattlesnake or a deadly moccasin. She made her choice. She climbed upward, steadily, wearily, but rapidly. The steep walls began to fall away from her. The shadows grew less black. The gray sky once more spread before her in an unbroken expanse over a treeless field. But—she was on the wrong side of the bayou! She was quite sure she had never seen that small cabin, almost hidden away under a heavy gourd-vine growth

There was a glow as of fire, shining faintly through the cracks of the daubed log walls. At least here was humanity and a possible guide back through that terrible bayou.

She approached the door of the hut timorously and pushed it open. There was no one inside. A wood fire burned low upon the hearth, but evidently it had not been replenished for quite awhile. The logs had fallen apart, and their charred ends pointed upward independently of each other. But warmth and shelter both were here.

She was shivering from exposure, fatigue and excitement. Even that neglected fire in a negro cabin was comforting. Two rough splint-bottomed chairs stood in front of the fireplace. Nora flung herself into one and spread her chilled hands out over the blaze. It was inadequate to her needs. With a petulant movement she reached for the clumsy tongs and brought the divorced logs into closer connection. A bright flame leaped up to reward her for her energy, and brought into view something which had escaped her notice in the previous obscurity of the room.

"JOHN! JOHN LORIMER! HUSBAND! WHERE ARE YOU, JOHN?"

It was a woman's handkerchief—a plain white hemstitched affair, marked, in ink, "I. F."

Nora held it before the blaze a half second, then with a curious smile about her white lips began slowly smoothing it out upon her knees. When it was as smooth as she could possibly make it by that process, she folded it and laid it away in her pocket.

She had forgotten where she was—forgotten the necessity for getting home, even for Ninette's sake. She sat there staring into the mended fire, now folding her hands patiently, now twisting and twining the slim white fingers about each other in a perfect passion of unrest. She was reminded of her whereabouts by a harsh but not disrespectful voice in the door of the cabin, asking, surprisedly:

"You here yet, missy?"

She sprang up quickly, and, turning her back upon the bright blaze, answered, promptly:

"Yes, I am here yet, waiting for you to see me home."

"I thought Mars' John promised to see you home?"

It was evident this humble householder did not relish turning out again in the raw air. He shuffled slowly towards her.

"I let him go without me," said Nora, faintly.

"You oughtn' t'had done that, Miss Idy. Mr. John's younger than ol' Isham, and a safer guide in the dark. But I don't begrudge the trouble, my chil'; not me. Come on, then; we don't want no questions asked 'bout this day's doings."

"No, we don't want any questions asked. Come on, Isham. You shall just put me on the other side of the bayou. Then I can go alone," Nora answered, marveling at her own powers of disimulation.

It was either an easier journey made under the old man's guidance, or the wild tumult in her heart and brain triumphed to the point of obliterating all physical sensations.

She was at home, in her own room, with Celeste kneeling before her unbuttoning her dew-dampened boots, before she clearly realized her departure from the cabin.

"Mr. Lorimer has been to the door twice to inquire about madame's headache. The last time I told him it ached so badly that it might be best for him to sleep in another apartment to-night. So he left his regrets, and said if you needed him I was to knock at the door just across the hall."

"Thank you, Celeste. I shall not need him."

She closed her lids upon the hot, crowding tears. The French woman's astuteness had saved her a scene. Even for her there was cause of gratitude left in a world which had suddenly turned black—oh, so black!

TO BE CONTINUED.

POLK MONUMENT.

LET EVERY NORTH CAROLINIAN AND REFORMERS EVERYWHERE JOIN TO ERECT IT

Begin Now---Send in Your Contributions to The Caucasian.

It has been more than a year since the most commanding figure, and magnetic force in the reform movement was called upon by an inscrutable providence, to lay down the great work that he was doing for humanity. No man in the organization (and few in the whole country) have had an equal place in the hearts of the people. And while this is his highest tribute and his proudest monument, yet we should give some evidence of our esteem and admiration for him. In the past North Carolina has not done her duty in this respect. Let every Allianceman, and every lover of the great principles of truth and justice (as embodied in the demands of the Alliance) resolve, that before another year shall have passed, that a plain but fitting and imposing marble shaft shall mark the resting place of L. L. Polk. Let us not delay this matter, but begin now. At the State Alliance just as it was a bout to adjourn THE CAUCASIAN set the ball in motion by taking up an impromptu collection for that purpose, which amounted to $35,90. THE CAUCASIAN will receive contributions to this fund, publish the names of the contributors and the amount contributed, and receipt for the same.

tf

THE REMEDY---THE ALLIANCE DEMANDS

A NATIONAL CURRENCY THE BEST.

In a speech in the Senate in 1837, John C. Calhoun said:

"It appears to me, after bestowing the best reflection I can give no subject, that no convertible paper—that is, paper whose credit rests on a promise to pay—is suitable for currency. Bank paper is cheap to those who make it, but dear, very dear, to those who use it. On the other hand, a national currency, while it would greatly facilitate its financial operation, would cost nothing or next to nothing, and would, of course, add much to the cost of production, which would give to every branch of our industries great advantages both at home and abroad. And I now undertake to affirm without the least fear I can be answered, that a paper issued by the government, with a simple promise to receive it for all dues would form a perfect paper circulation which could not be abused by the government; that it would be as uniform in value as the metals themselves; and I shall be able to prove that it is within the constitution and powers of congress to use such a paper according to the most rigid rule of construing the constitution." (tf.)

When you don't get your paper send us a postal card at once. Don't wait two or three weeks. We will send you the missing copy and also investigate the trouble. (tf.)

IS HE A TRAITOR?

An Offer to Shake Hands over the Robbing and Oppression of the People.

Mr. Murat Halstead, commenting on the change of Mr. Cleveland since the election, says:

"The President has held out a hand to the Republicans to be shaken on the understanding that if help can be found in the Republican party to carry the unconditional repeal of the Sherman law there will be no hurry to repeal the McKinley law, for after all the 'only menace' of our welfare is not protection or reciprocity, but the paying of gold for silver and the meddlesomeness of the silver cranks?" tf.

RESPONSIBILITY FOR BLUNDERS.

"I Blundered" Must Be Accepted as Confession by Human Tribunals.

The degree of responsibility for a blunder is the hardest of all things to decide. Morally we feel certain there is often none at all, nor do we believe that there is any one who as regards his own experience will question the accuracy of that statement. We know that the act or speech, or avoidance of either, was absolutely involuntary. The man's wits are suspended, "gone wool gathering" for a moment, just as completely as his physical power would be suspended by a momentary stroke of paralysis. He is as sure of his own guiltlessness as of his own existence, and supposing his sureness sincere he is entirely in the right. It is probable, however, that in most cases—certainly in some—there is partial responsibility, the victim having been able by concentrating attention to keep out of the liability to mental accident.

The switchman knows that his mind must not go as the train approaches, and consequently even when tired to death physically he holds it there and the train passes on in safety. We have a good deal of control over the mind, though it is not complete, or the management of human affairs would soon become impossible. The absentminded man, who is the commonest kind of sufferer from the disease we speak of, generally knows when he must not be absentminded and can hold his attention fixed until the special crisis is past. The sufferer is not responsible for his failure, but for not keeping his mind in the condition in which the failure could not occur.

At all events it is impossible to admit the excuse of blundering while on duty into human pleas. There can be no perfect evidence except that of the accused, which cannot be received without abolishing the rules of circumstantial evidence altogether. "I blundered" must be accepted as confession by human tribunals—not as a plea justifying acquittal. A man might otherwise sign a check he had no right to sign, and then plead that he did it automatically.—London Spectator.

Making the Exterior Artistic.

Suppose, for instance, that on a broken site you have a house which shows a long main wall of rough stone below and of wood above, with at one end a projecting turret where the stonework has been carried to a higher point, and at the other end a piazza, with sturdy posts and a low, sloping roof. Clothe such a house all in creepers of one sort and you do your best to obliterate the architect's accentuations and to turn what should be a strikingly picturesque into a monotonous picture.

But plant Japanese ivy against the long recessed wall; let Virginia creepers drape, more loosely and boldly, the projecting turret; in the angle between the turret and the long wall set a trumpet creeper, whose dark, glossy foliage will contrast with the lighter tone of the Japanese ivy and the medium tone of the turret vines; let honeysuckles and clematis twine around your piazza posts, and then you will have draperies which will be beautifully varied in themselves and will accent, not conceal, the architect's intentions, while bringing his features into closer harmony with one another and the ground which bears them.—Art Out of Doors.

Fires In Russia.

Every summer one hears of an appallingly large number of conflagrations in the Russian provinces. No one appears in the least surprised. If you call your neighbor's attention to these numerous reports of extensive fires, of the whole or partial destruction of villages, he will quite unconcernedly observe that it is the "fire season," and with a characteristic shrug of the shoulders he implies, if he does not put the query verbally, "What else do you expect—what would you have?" Thus, for instance, the official journal of the government of Pensa quite prosaically announces that the "fire season" has commenced in that province and goes on to relate in curt phrase that in the village of Agafonoff-kanine and in Kosheffka 90 peasants' homesteads have been burned. On the following day 21 houses were destroyed by fire in the village of Yelesina, in one of which a child was burned to death. A couple of days later 55 houses and 21 granaries were totally consumed in another large village named Terismorg. The last mentioned fire caused damage to the amount of 12,000 rubles.—London News.

Little Eight-year-old Raoul Koczalski.

Raoul Koczalski, "the new Mozart," who is now packing and crowding St. James hall, London, at his musical recitals, is certainly the most wonderful of the crop of child musicians now growing up. He is a young Pole, aged 8 years, strong and sturdy of limb, who practices very little, plays some of the most difficult compositions of Beethoven, Liszt, Chopin and Rubinstein, and is the composer of over 50 "works," 15 of which have already been published.

When a baby in long clothes, he excelled in giving shrieking concerts till his mother, Mme. Koczalski, from very sympathy with his musical endeavors, began to accompany the young hopeful on the piano. This suited Raoul exactly. His "bellowings" ceased, and a smile of angelic contentment spread over his round face. At the age of 8 the boy was in the hands of a professor of the Warsaw conservatory, and before he was 5 he was touring in Russia and Roumania, in Spain, Turkey, Germany and Italy. Now, at last, he has come to England, and the dense crowds in the hall are proof that Raoul is rapidly adding to his laurels.—Westminster Gazette.

The Importance of One Case.

The following was part of a young attorney's peroration on an argument of demurrer in one of the courts recently: "May it please your honor, this is a stupendous question. Its decision by you this day will live in judicial history long after you and I shall have passed from this scene of earthly glory and sublunary vanity; when the tower of Pisa shall be forgotten; when Waterloo and Borodino shall grow dim in the distant cycles of receding centuries; when the names of Marlborough and Napoleon are no longer remembered; when the pyramids of the pharaohs shall have crumbled into dust; when the hippopotamus shall cease to inhabit its native Nile. Even then your ruling upon this demurrer will still survive in the antique volumes of legal lore as fresh, green and imperishable. The case, your honor, originally concerns the cost of two new hats and an umbrella."—London Tit-Bits.

The Prayer of a Small Boy.

A boy of 6 was crazy for a drum, to which his mother and the other inmates of the house objected on account of the noise they knew he would make. One night after he got in bed his mother heard him repeating earnestly:

Now I lay me down to sleep—
I want a drum.
I pray the Lord my soul to keep—
I want a drum.
If I should die before I wake—
I want a drum.
I pray the—Lord—my—soul—to—take—
I—want—a—drum—

just as he was falling into dreamland.—New Orleans Picayune.

HOME DRESSMAKING.

THE BASQUE IS THE FOUNDATION OF ALL DRESS CUTTING.

A Few Facts That Must Not Be Forgotten. How to Cut Blouses and Bolero Jackets. Various Kinds of Fastenings—How to Finish a Basque.

[Copyright, 1893, by American Press Association.]

The basque being the foundation of all dress cutting, the novice should learn at the very outset all its possibilities. With a good diagram of a basque fitting in measurement the prospective wearer of the garment planned one can cut a princess robe, a wrapper of any style, a tailor gown, a riding habit, an evening dress, a blouse, a blazer and a coat of any description. The principle is exactly the same, with such variations as the exigencies of the case may require. It needs but to be lengthened to make a tight coat or ulster and to have its different parts lengthened and widened to form a princess dress.

To do this the different parts should be cut to four inches longer than the skirt from waist downward and the front pieces cut on a slant so that the bottom of each front measures 20 inches, the front side pieces the same, the back side gores 27, and the back breadths should measure the whole width of the goods, and if that is narrow another breadth should be added to the back and plaited in close so that the whole skirt may fall free and open in the approved shape. The four inches extra length are taken up in fitting to the figure.

The princess should be tried on with the seams outward and fitted like any other waist. The skirt is to be faced with wigan or crinoline about 12 inches deep, and to the inner side is stitched a facing of linen or alpaca, and where the dress is a very handsome one several narrow pinked ruffles are sewed to a silk foundation and cat stitched to the wigan.

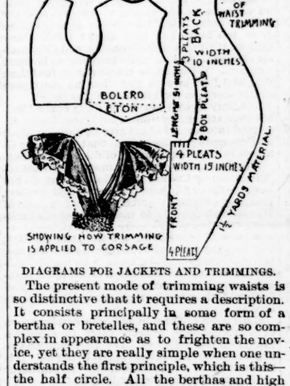
Riding habits are cut in the same way, but the lines are drawn rigidly and with angles wherever they can be introduced, notably the square high collar and the square postillons and square pocket lids.

In cutting jackets the dressmaker only needs to know the style wanted. If a reefer or blazer, the basque is lengthened, and the darts are not taken in. Pockets are added. If a long jacket is desired, the same general rules prevail, and it is easy to make one with strict attention to the pressing and care that all outside stitching should be perfectly straight.

Blouses are cut like the French waists, but the lower part should be three to four inches longer, cut perfectly straight around and hemmed. An elastic is then drawn through, and the waist buttons so that the superfluous length falls down over the top of the skirt.

Bolero jackets, Eton jackets and figaros are all cut from the original basque pattern. For Eton the waist is outlined with the two side back pieces and is cut down to a point just overlapping the gathers of the back of the skirt and cut in front like the diagram, and it is easy to cut, as it is perfectly simple and seamless. Eton jackets may or may not have sleeves, but if they do they should be plain coat sleeve gathered rather full at the top, having a suspicion of gigot only, and they are worn over a shirt waist.

The bolero is cut just like the Eton in front, but the back is all in one piece and is cut straight across.



DIAGRAMS FOR JACKETS AND TRIMMINGS.

The present mode of trimming waists is so distinctive that it requires a description. It consists principally in some form of a bertha or bretelles, and these are so complex in appearance as to frighten the novice, yet they are really simple when one understands the first principle, which is this—the half circle. All the berthas and high plaited capes and like trimming gain their style by the plaiting of goods that are cut out in a half circle, so that what is a small plait at the point becomes a large and loose one at the outer edge. The diagram shows one style of this trimming both applied and in outline, and with that as a guide every woman can understand the principle, and the clever one will vary it according to the needs of the case. This can be applied to high or low necks for children and old women. It can be plain, trimmed with lace, fringe or passementerie, or it can be lined with contrasting material. The corners may be cut off, or it may be vandyked. There is no limit to the variations an intelligent dressmaker may evolve. Made of wide lace over light silk it would garnish the plainest frock.

Waists are made with high collars and with the neck cut quite low, finished with ruffles. The latter require little care, as the neck has but to be piped or bound, but the high collar requires special treatment. It must be made with a silk lining, a wigan or crinoline interlining and the outside. The lining and outside are basted on together, the interlining on the other side. Then it should be stitched around the upper edge, beginning from the center and sewing forward. Then turn the collar, bringing the lining on one side and the dress goods on the other. Baste this strongly with the outside and interlining together to the waist, beginning with a notch in the center of the collar, carrying it forward from each side from the center seam in the back. Then face it down very neatly.

The dressmaker will do well to measure the fronts of the waist before she puts the collar on to see if they are exactly alike. Otherwise she will have to rip it off, and it never looks so well again.

The finish of a basque is a very nervous job, and the careful dressmaker will see that the finishing touches to the basque or waist are put on before the skirt is done, for in the rush and hurry of the last work some detail may be slighted and spoil the appearance of the whole.

Whether buttons or hooks are used as fastening depends upon the style of waist, but the most of waists now close invisibly with hooks. The space where these are to be sewed on should be marked with a blue pencil at exact distances. They can never be sewed on correctly "by the eye," and put on unevenly they pucker the waist.

OLIVE HARPER.

Who Makes Our Laws?

One of the senators who governs us and legislates for us is named Roach.

The official report, upon examination made by the government, shows that he stole $64,000 from a national bank in Washington.

The scene of the crime is only a few hundreds of yards from the senate chamber, where Roach sits as one of our rulers and lawmakers. Can Roach be punished? Not much.

Why not?

Because he's a Democratic senator, and his conviction would hurt "the dear old party."—People's Party Paper.

Read With More Interest.

The Behring sea umpires are pretty big men, and their decision will be of vast importance to the world. But just at present to the average young American citizen of male gender the decisions of the baseball umpire, often called "empire," are much more interesting.—New York Tribune.

Pleasing Prospect.

"Hardly any money in circulation in America?" said Mme. Patti pleasantly. "That will never do. I must run over for another little farewell tour!"—Chicago Tribune.

CHIMMIE'S SCURSION.

How a Bright Urchin of the Street Spent One Pleasant Day.

He sauntered down to the foot of Woodward avenue, where he hung about for over an hour. "Here dey come," he said, and at the same moment several hundred children hove in sight up the avenue. They belonged to —— Church Sunday school, and this was the day of their annual excursion to a delightful grove. The steamer that was to take them there was lying at the wharf, and Chimmie, with every faculty on the alert, was dividing his attention between the steamer, the policeman and the approaching battalions of boys and girls. He moved rapidly up the avenue a short distance, allowed a part of the procession to pass him, doffed his cap to one of the teachers and fell in.

When almost at the gate through which he had to pass before reaching the steamer, he ducked his head, squirmed in among the folds of the teacher's skirt, who happened to be very stout, and in another moment Chimmie was safely aboard. He mingled among the other boys and girls and made himself very much at home. By the time the steamer had got under way Chimmie had been closely surveyed on account of his shabby appearance. One bolder than the rest approached him and said:

"Say, you don't belong to our school."

"What ye givin us—go on now, I do."

"Whose class ye in?"

"Shut your head, will yer?" and Chimmie looked so threatening that the boy inquired no further.

Chimmie changed his place and approached a little fellow who was standing looking over the side.

"Say," said Chimmie, "who's de man wid de white collar on his neck?" at the same time indicating the gentleman he meant, who stood not far away, by an inclination of his head.

"Why, that's the minister," said the boy.

"And who's 'es whiskers in de hat?" Chimmie further inquired.

"The superintendent."

Chimmie walked away. At the grove he had a delightful time, although he knew none of the company. The minister had spoken to him and gave him lots to eat and plenty of milk to drink when the refreshments were served. Chimmie had not enjoyed such a royal time before and felt disposed to chum with the others. The latter, however, did not regard the youngster favorably, and Chimmie was obliged to keep a good deal to his own company.

On the return trip the minister came up to him and asked: "My little fellow, do you belong to the Sunday school? You seem to be enjoying yourself."

Chimmie looked the minister all over before answering.

"I dunno," he said, "but I want to."

The minister, who was a big hearted man, spoke kindly to Chimmie, and when the latter returned to the dingy streets with which he had always been familiar the other gamins noticed a change in him and could not account for it, as he went silently to his humble home. Chimmie had intended only to have an excursion, but it improved his character, and Sunday schools are now among the things that he loves, especially in the summer time.—Detroit Free Press.

The American Love of Excitement.

The Englishman wonders why all our fine houses are so near the sides of roads. His idea of a house is that it should be as far away from the madding crowd as possible; therefore the American palace, into whose windows the passers may look, amazes him. He is not afraid to be away from people, he understands comfort to mean seclusion, but most of us seem to believe that the more we are in the eyes of our fellow countrymen the happier we ought to be. To get to the city is the hope of nearly every country boy. The country girl abhors above all "quietness," and the resident of the city barely endures life for a brief space in the country, because his physician prescribes "quiet and rest," but quiet to him generally means unrest.

The writer once spent a day at the house of a well known American millionaire who had been sent to an isolated island for rest. This gentleman had a wire from his house to the telegraph station on the main land, and during one of the quietest of his days received 16 telegrams from the stock markets. And to see him chafe under his seclusion, to hear him long for the crowded streets and the clang of traffic, was to know that his mind was not his kingdom, but a domain usurped by a monster which would leave him no rest until he died. Nature irritated him, silence annoyed him, and yet he had attained what has come to be equal in the eyes of most of us up to the Buddhist's nirvana—the possession of several millions of dollars.—Chicago Post.

Playing Ball.

A party of boys were playing ball on a vacant lot at Seventh and Olive streets after supper. It was a practice game of knocking flies, and a tall, lithe fellow, with a swing like Fitzsimmons, had just picked up the bat as a Wyatt park car filled with passengers bowled along. A preliminary toss into the air and bang! the sphere was sent sailing skyward. The center of gravitation was reached when the crowd, eager to make the catch, started pellmell, jostling, struggling like a football team near a goal, to get beneath the ball. Every passenger aboard the car had become interested. In a moment the car would have turned the corner, and the players would be shut out of view. Would the catch be made? One eager, florid faced baseball enthusiast thrust himself half way out of the window in his earnestness.

The ball was falling. "Hi, yi! stop! Stop her; stop the car!" he yelled, forgetting everything except the beautiful fly he was about to lose sight of. In his haste, thinking the man was bent on suicide or had a fit, the conductor rang up two fares by getting hold of the wrong bellrope. The car stopped. The fly was muffed. The florid faced man drew himself into the car, and with a disgusted expression looked around to see what the passengers were laughing at, while the conductor counted the nickels in his left outside coat pocket, muttering meanwhile something about blankety blank blank fools that ride on street cars.—St. Joseph (Mo.) News.

Tributes to an Artist.

Miss Ellen Terry is among the most enthusiastic of Eleanora Duse's many admirers in this country, and she is reported to have said with her usual generous appreciation, "I feel like a child in acting when I see this great artist." One of the highest compliments that was paid to the signora's inimitable art was not intended as a compliment by the speaker. One night when the curtain fell upon her fine and absolutely natural impersonation of the peasant woman in "Cavalleria Rusticana," a lady in one of the boxes remarked to her companions: "Do you call that acting? Why, any one could do that."—London Pictorial.

Use of Proverbs.

The wisdom of nations lies in their proverbs, which are brief and pithy. Collect and learn them. They are notable measures and directions for human life. You have much in little. They save time in speaking, and upon occasion may be the fullest and safest answers.—Penn.

STRIPPED ALMOST TO DEATH.

Terrible Condition of Girls Who Work at Tobacco Stemming In New York.

"Do you want to see real white slaves—girls who work 70 hours a week for starvation wages?"

The speaker was a cigar maker who, ground down by the wretched condition of the trade, felt pity for the girls who are worse off even than the wretchedly paid cigar makers. The speaker, not waiting for an answer, said, "Come with me," and the reporter followed him to Avenue B, where the cigar makers work and eat and sleep and eke out a miserable existence.

At the entrance to a dark and dirty tenement the man turned and bade The Journal man wait until he returned.

"They are a bit wild in here," he explained apologetically, "and if they don't know who you are they might get suspicious and make trouble."

Yes, they were suspicious. As the man entered the dreary doorway several of the inmates eyed the visitor and whispered their suspicion that he was from the factory inspector. They were cut short by the reappearance of the man, who had made it all right with the sweating tenement keeper.

"These are the girls I mean," said he, pointing to two girls with bright eyes and pinched faces who labored in an atmosphere which positively reeked with tobacco. The air was heavy, warm and damp. The moisture was that of steaming tobacco. The girls sat, scantily and very poorly attired, each with a wooden block between her knees.

Each had a bundle of tobacco leaves, called a hand. From this the girl takes a leaf, dexterously whips out the end of the stalk running down the center, and with a twist of the wrist deftly strips out the stalk, leaving two perfect halves of a leaf. The two halves are laid across the top of the block. The girls are known as "strippers."

"Wages were pretty good when we first started in the business," said one of the girls, "but they are very bad now. A few years ago the girls earned $5 a week. Now $1.50 a week for 70 hours' work is all we can earn."

Strip, strip, strip, bent forward, with eyes and muscles strained, all day long these poor girls toil for a beggarly pittance. If they enjoy good health, they do not enjoy cleanliness with it. The girls are not allowed to waste time by washing their hands, so they wipe them upon the piece of rag across their knees and upon which the tobacco is stretched.

So thick does this dust accumulate upon their tobacco moistened hands that they have to devote a few minutes at intervals in removing it, so as to be able to go on with the work. The "stripper" girl also inhales more tobacco fumes than any other cigar worker and at first is overpowered by the vapors.

At present little girls from 12 to 15 years of age are set to work in many shops and more tenements stripping tobacco in direct violation of the factory act. It is significant that after maturity women are rarely to be found in the cigar factories, preferring almost any kind of work to the surroundings of the cigar shop.

"I tell you," exclaimed another cigar maker, a Cuban, who are the most expert in the business and command good wages, "those girls are the most miserably paid and treated of any women in New York or anywhere else. Week in and week out they work morning, noon and night—for what? What indeed! Twenty-five cents a day, to keep body and soul together, and in many instances to help support others in the family who cannot work.

"After the heavy labor of stripping, and when other girls troop home to rest and enjoy themselves, the poor stripper is glad if she can be allowed to take home a few hands of tobacco to go on stripping far into the night. By this means they may make up the weekly earnings to $3, and sometimes even a few cents more.

"The root of the evil is the tenement house cigar maker and the work which the men are compelled to take home to the wife and children to enable them to keep the roof over their heads."—New York Journal.

How Animals Bear Pain.

One of the most pathetic things connected with this kaleidoscopic nonsense people call life is the manner in which the animal kingdom endures suffering. Take horses, for instance, in battle, and after the first shock of a wound they make no sound. They bear the pain with a mute, wondering endurance, and if at night you hear a wild groan from the battlefield it comes from their loneliness, their loss of that human companionship which seems absolutely indispensable to the comfort of domesticated animals.

The dog will carry a broken leg for days wistfully, but uncomplainingly. The cat, stricken with club or stone or caught in some trap from which it gnaws its way to freedom, crawls to some secret place and bears in silence pain which we could not endure. Sheep and other cattle meet the thrust of the butcher's knife without a sound, and even common poultry endure intense agony without complaint.

The dove, shot unto death, flies to some far off bough, and as it dies the silence is unbroken save by the patter on the leaves of its own lifeblood. The wounded deer speeds to some thick brake and in pitiful submission waits for death. The eagle, struck in midair, fights to the last against the fatal summons. There is no moan or sound of pain, and the defiant look never fades from its eyes until the lids close over them never to uncover again.—Florida Times-Union.

A New Central Body In Pittsburg.

The Trades Assembly of Pittsburg (or more correctly Alleghany county) went out of existence some weeks ago. Among the causes assigned for the dissolution were the lack of attendance and declining interest. A movement is now on foot to organize a new central body for Alleghany county which, while being composed somewhat upon the lines of the old organization, shall be conducted in a different and more satisfactory manner. It appears that one of the weaknesses of the defunct assembly was caused by that disease which has infested so many similar organizations—partisan politics, and it is proposed that the new assembly shall be thoroughly protected in that matter.

Men who are prominent in the new movement say that it shall not be used to grind anybody's ax, but that political questions will be fully discussed, though from an economic rather than a partisan standpoint. It is claimed that a central organization representing the great army of trades unionists and Knights of Labor in Alleghany county will be able to influence legislation in Pennsylvania in the interest of the working class.

How She Made a Sensation.

Two sweet, ethereal looking girls with a Boston inflection and pronunciation were talking together in the street car. "Are you going to the World's fair?" drawled one. "I want to," was the measured answer in a voice like liquid honey, "but I'm afraid I'll have a chance to let my whiskers grow before I get there." Every mouth opened wide, and every eye stared stupidly at her pretty face. She sat serenely unconscious of the sensation she had produced.—Philadelphia Press.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

SAMPSON COUNTY.

ORA, N. C.,—HON. MARION BUTLER:—I hope to see more letters in our column next week, so I will answer Emma Strikland's question. Gabriel Johnson was Governor of N. C. 18 years. I will close wishing you all much success.

Your Friend,
ADDIE BRYAN.

NEWTON GROVE, N. C.,—Dear CAUCASIAN.—I will answer Emma Stricklan's question, Gabriel Johnson was Gov. 18 years. I will also answer ma a question. When was the first pen made? Success to THE CAUCASIAN and its noble Editor.

SALLIE P. WILLIAMS.

TIMOTHY, N. C., Sept. 1893.
EDITOR CAUCASIAN.—As I have seen much from the Children's corner I will ask the boys and girls a question. Who was the first man to bring evidence against his wife because her to be condemned. I will close. Hurrrah for the Children's corner, don't let it die.

Your unknwn friend,
LILLIE B.

Children's Cute Sayings.

Teacher—When water becomes ice what is the great change that takes place? Pupil—The change in price.

Schoolmaster—Johnnie, where are the largest diamond fields located? Johnnie—Up at the base ball grounds, sir."—Judge.

"Johnny, what is a kiss?" "It's a thing which you can't describe with yer tongue, but yer can express with yer lips," said Johnny.—Harper's Bazar.

Miss Tenseason—It's a fact, a man committed suicide on my account. Little Boy (inquiringly)—Was he afraid you'd marry him? Good News.

Pretty tercher—Now, Johnny, can you tell me what is meant by a cycle? Johnny—Yes'm. Mother says ef yew don't ketch the new pacers it will be a miracle."

"Papa," said Fred, "if you'll give me a dollar I'll give you a present." "Well, let's hear first what the present is to be?" said his father. "A cent," said Fred.—Harper's Young People.

Mr. Figg—Here is a Chinese letter that I bought down town for Tommy—You don't never get nothing without it has a string some way or other.—Indianapolis Journal.

Mamma—Well, May, how did you like the circus? Did you give the baby elephant some peanuts? May—No, ma'am. I thought they were not good for babies, so I ate share myself.

This story is about Philadelphia twins. The nurse was giving them a bath. Later, hearing the children laughing in bed, she said: "What are you children laughing about?" "Oh, nothing," replied Edna, "only we have given Edith two baths and haven't given me any."

Barbara is a Boston girl, as of course very polite. She came running into the house and said: "Mamma, I met the postman and he gave me the letters, and he said 'Thank you.'" "And what did you say to him?" asked her mother. "Oh, I said, "Pleasant dreams!'"

Little Burleigh, you'll readily understand, was a Boston boy.